

THE NOR-WEST FARMER.

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, NOVEMBER 20, 1899.

\$1 a Year,
in advance.



THE HORSE.

Winnipeg Industrial for 1900.

It has been decided to open the Winnipeg Industrial in 1900 on July 22nd, a week later than last year. This day falls on a Friday. It will allow all stock to get in Saturday and be ready for judging Monday. Thursday or Friday will close the fair and stockmen can then get home before Sunday. They will thus spend only one Sunday on the grounds instead of two as in past years. This is a wise move

developed, for it is the muscles of this part of the limb especially which endow the animal with speed and strength.

The elbow calls for passing notice only. It must be free from blemishes and occupy a proper direction, as this will influence the rest of the limb. If the elbow is turned outwards away from the body, the toe of the foot will be turned in the other direction, and the horse is pigeon-toed. If, on the other hand, the elbow is too close to the body, the horse is "toed out" and most likely to interfere. The elbow is often the seat of a most unsightly blemish known to horsemen as a "shoe boil." This is a large swelling, sometimes attaining the size of a child's head, and is caused usually by the bruising of the elbow upon the calk of the shoe, or else upon the floor. While not causing lameness, it is an ugly blemish and detracts considerably from the value of the horse.

The fore-arm is a most important region. Not only are the muscles of this part of the leg most important as the moving power of the parts below the knee, but the

strength. This is estimated by observing the thickness of the fore-arm and its width from front to rear. The muscles should be voluminous and swelling at the upper part and taper gradually to the knee. In draught horses a thick fore-arm is an absolute essential, ensuring plenty of power to support and move a heavy body under the stress of a load. No horse can be deficient in muscular development here and excel in either speed or strength; therefore, the fore-arm should always be wide and thick.

The Colt's Feet.

Now that colts are in from pasture and horses are being turned out for the winter, it is well to examine their feet. This is particularly the case with horses on our prairie soil, where there is often a lack of sufficient grit to wear away the hoof as fast as it grows. The toes are thus apt to become too long and the weight is then thrown upon the frogs, with extra



Rosamond 2nd,
3rd Prize yearling heifer.

Lyndhurst 4th,
1st Prize 3-year old bull.

Gaiety 5th,
3rd Prize cow in strong ring.

Windermere Gem,
1st Prize heifer calf of
calendar year.

Prize Winning Shorthorns at Winnipeg in 1899, property of F. W. Brown, Portage la Prairie, Man.

and will, we think, meet with the hearty approval of all stockmen.

Conformation of the Horse.

(Continued.)

By The Farmer's Veterinarian.

THE ARM, ELBOW AND FOREARM.

Generally speaking, when one hears the arm of the horse mentioned, it is the fore-arm or part between the elbow and the knee which is intended. In reality the term arm should be applied only to that part of the limb between the shoulder and elbow joints, and it is in this sense that we now speak of it. It is a region endowed with many thick and powerful muscles which completely obscure the bony landmarks, and therefore it offers few points of importance in studying conformation. It is always necessary, however, that the arm should be muscular and well

bones which form its framework, determine by their conformation whether the horse shall be strong or fast. The first and most important point of the fore-arm is its length. It should be long for two reasons. First, because length of muscle means amplitude of movement, and therefore quick flexion and extension of the foot and knee; and second, because length of bone here will give strength of stride, and speed is attained with the minimum of exertion. The length of the fore-arm should always be greater than that of the canon, otherwise the muscles are at a disadvantage, and fatigue is easily induced. A long fore-arm also tends to an easy, long, swinging stride useful to the draught horse in making him a good walker, and to the light horse ensuring a smooth gait that gets over the ground fast without much apparent exertion. While conferring these advantages the long fore-arm has its defects, and in draught horses may be a source of weakness and in saddle and carriage horses a cause of low action instead of the high-stepping style preferred in those classes. Next to length comes

pressure on the back tendons, or the walls at the quarters are not worn away fast enough to keep the frog in touch with the ground and a contracted foot may be the result. Where the soil is gravelly or on limestone ridges this is not likely to occur, because the hoofs are kept well worn down. It is well, therefore, to examine the feet and trim them up with a good rasp, cut back the toes if too long, or pare down the heels if too high. Horses are worth more money now than for some years past and will pay for extra attention. See particularly that the colt's feet are all right. Where the feet are not kept properly trimmed and rasped level there is more apt to be cracks in the walls. With work horses, if shod, the shoes should be removed if they are to run for the winter, and even if they have been working right along it will pay to go over their feet and put them in shape with the rasp. More attention paid to the feet of all stock would save many a case of lameness and loss.

Have you renewed your subscription?

Bone in the Horse's Make-Up.

An English live stock authority said recently: When considering a horse's points no practical man will begin to judge from the top. It is true that a horse with a taking head and general appearance is certain to attract anyone; but if upon examination of his feet and legs it is seen that he has not sufficient bone to carry him, however good his other points are, he is useless, not only for carrying weight but for standing much hard work of any sort.

This principle applies to all classes of horses alike. The draft horse requires sound, strong "underpinning" to carry his massive body and successfully move tremendous loads. The massive leg, however, is not always indicative of that strength of bone alluded to. We must learn to judge of bone by appearance and feel. Commonly we hear of "flat bone" in a horse's leg, but there is no such thing in any breed. The bones forming the leg of a horse have, when sawed through, an elliptical section slightly flattened in front with the smallest diameter behind. The contour of the bone is, however, much more cylindrical than flat and this applies to draft as well as racing or trotting horses. "Flat" bone is then a misnomer, but "flat" as applied to the appearance of the leg is correct and the desirable shape in all horses.

A round appearing leg on a horse does not indicate round bone but a meaty condition, a coarseness of tissues and more than all a lack of development and cleanness of the back tendons. In coarse-bred, meaty legged horses of phlegmatic temperament and sluggish disposition the bone of the legs is not of the close ivory-like texture of the thoroughbred, but has a larger proportion of spongy tissue in its centre, hence it is considered weaker than the bone of finer quality. The appearance of a round, meaty leg, however, does not so much bespeak inherent lack of strength as it does undesirable attributes that generally accompany this type, such as grease, lymphangitis and other diseases of the phlegmatic horse.

Breed for the flat-appearing leg for the reason that the bones of such horses are "flinty" in quality, and accompanied by well developed, plainly seen tendons, and in draft horses by a fringe of long silky hair springing from the back portion of the leg, whereas in coarse-bred, sluggish horses the "feather" so-called is likely to stick out all around the leg and in quality is about as silky as the stuffing of an old-fashioned sofa. Choose the breeding horse that has big, sound joints and well-developed flat legs that properly bear his weight. See that he shows the soles of his shoes plainly as he trots away and it may be taken for granted that his temperament is desirable.

The big, flabby, "over-topped" horse is a poor type to breed. He has not the necessary quality and strength of bone to carry his body or stand hard work and it is usual to find such an animal "throwing out" splints, spavins, ring-bones, side-bones, curbs, etc. Such blemishes constitute unsoundness and seem to be nature's way of branding a horse according to his character as if to say the unsoundness seen is a sure evidence of an unseen source of unsoundness which is hereditary. As a general proposition we may confidently assert that the possession of sound feet and ample flinty bone of the flat-leg sort on the part of a breeding horse insures most of the other desirable attributes of a sire and should be always considered indispensable in selecting a stallion or mare.

BREEDERS' DIRECTORY

CARDS under this head inserted at the rate of \$1.50 per line per year. No card accepted under two lines, nor for less than six months.

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JAS. ROBERTSON, Beaver Brand Farm, Glendale P.O., Man. Poland China Pigs for sale from imported stock. Prices right.

ROBT. WHITE, Wakopa, Man., breeder of Shorthorns. Herd headed by "Crimson Chief" (24057) Young stock for sale.

L. A. BRALEY, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, breeder of Tamworth Pigs. Young Pigs for sale.

JAMES ROOGERS, Panima, Alta., breeder of Polled Angus Cattle. A few young bulls for sale.

F. J. COLLYER, Welwyn, Assa., breeder of Polled Angus and Berkshires. Young Pigs for sale.

W. M. SMITH, Fairfield Plains, Ont. Ayrshires, Southdowns, P. Chinas, Duroc Jerseys, Poultry.

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JAMES WILSON, Innisfail, Alta., breeder of Shorthorns. 4 home-bred young hulls for sale.

JOHN S. GIBSON, Morden, Man. Shorthorns and Poland Chinas. Young stock for sale.

J. H. KINNEAR, Souris, Man., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle. Young stock for sale.

JAS. MURRAY, Breeder of Border Leicester Sheep. Young Rams for sale. Lyleton, Man. 1627r

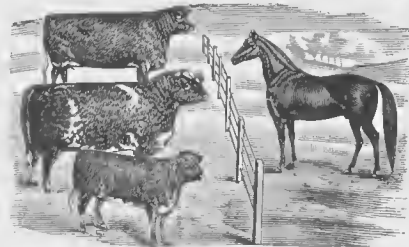
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8 IMPORTED BULLS

also 17 Canadian-bred Shorthorn Heifers, Cows and young Bulls. This lot will include the 37 head of imported Shorthorns which I have in quarantine at the present time. They are well worthy the attention of Shorthorn breeders, and will be put on sale in moderate breeding condition. Catalogue now ready, will be mailed upon application.

FOREST HOME FARM.



6 YOUNG BULLS by
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9 BERKSHIRE SOWS,
of choice quality and breeding,
from 5 months to 3
years.

The standard of our
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improving. Our stock hoars
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We are offering five Bulls from 7 mos. to 2 yrs. of
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Royal George (17106), and Centennial Isabella,
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When writing advertisers, mention The Farmer.

The Horse in Battle.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat, and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in



Jubilee Queen, Sweepstakes Shorthorn Female in the hands of D. Allison, Roland, Man., at the Winnipeg Industrial, 1899.

The previous year this heifer was first as a yearling in Premier Greenway's herd. Since Winnipeg Exhibition she won first in her class at Torouto, London and Ottawa, and was a runner up for the sweepstakes.

service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst, and have done with it as soon as possible. A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with the horse. Five troopers out of six, when struck with a bullet, are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands, and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg or foot or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell, a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and stands with drooping head until the loss of blood brings him down. The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them, if possible, and, in any case, leap over them. When he has come upon three or four riderless steeds, they fall in and keep together, as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" of the bugle may bring the whole of them into ranks in a body.

Jas. Dale, Grund, Man.—"The Farmer is certainly one of the best farm journals printed."—Nov. 11, 1899.

Wm. A. Stevens, Treherne, Man.—"I could not do without The Nor'-West Farmer. It is indispensable."—Nov. 13, 1899.

CATTLE.

Free Transport for Pure Bred Stock.

It is with extreme pleasure The Farmer learns that the C. P. R. authorities are to continue, on lines which we hope will be

the enterprise, except the actual first cost of the animals. Land Commissioner Hamilton, who has charge of this arrangement, proposes to take the earliest possible opportunity of meeting the breeders of the West to discuss methods by which good stock may be transported on similarly favorable terms, both from the east to Manitoba and from one part of the west to another. The next annual meeting of the Pure Bred Stock Breeders' Association at Winnipeg will be a fitting opportunity for such a conference, and will, no doubt, be gladly used for that purpose. Of course, the company can hardly be expected to carry single individuals free, but for carloads properly arranged for free transportation may be safely counted on.

Ontario Fat Stock Show.

The Ontario Provincial Winter Show will be held in London, Dec. 11th to 15th. A larger prize list than ever has been prepared and one of the biggest shows ever held is expected. Besides the usual competitions for fat animals, there will be block tests for sheep and swine. An expert from Prof. Robertson's department will be present with a cramming machine and a coop of fattening poultry, and he will also have samples of properly dressed and packed fowls, ducks, geese and turkeys. The dairy features of the show will be more interesting than ever. Special meetings of the Dominion Cattle, Swine and Sheep Breeders' Associations will be held during the show week, at which excellent addresses will be given by well-known men.

The Calgary Herald reports that the C. P. R. has sent west three of its Shorthorn bulls for use between that town and Edmonton. One bull will be stationed at Wetaskiwin, one at Leduc and one in the Edmonton district. Along with these 15



Third Prize Two-Year-Old Shorthorn Heifer at Winnipeg, 1899, the property of Jas. Gardiner, Cypress River, Man.

Blossom is by Scottish Knight and out of Begonia, by Grandeur (imp.) She was heavy in calf at the time of the Fair.

could not be complied with. At the same time, however, an arrangement was outlined by which the railway company will carry free eight cars of pure bred stock, to be selected in the east on terms, the details of which are to be arranged between the Western Department of Agriculture and the breeders who wish to secure good stock. It is understood that the Territorial Government will bear all the costs of

boars were also sent for distribution in the same way. Now that so strong a demand has arisen in the British Columbia mining districts for pork products, too much encouragement cannot be given to the spread of pork production in the fertile district where these well-bred animals have been placed. There is no place more naturally fitted for profitable pork production than the Edmonton country.

A Great Hereford Show.

The American Hereford breeders have recently been making special efforts to get up a great display of their favorite breed and the result was a turnout at Kansas City the last days of October such as was never before seen in America. Upwards of 500 head were present, including large drafts from famous western herds. Many very valuable prizes were offered and the turnout was great in proportion to the value of the prizes offered, which was close on \$3,000. One lot, the yearling heifers, numbered 49 in the ring at once. As all the great Hereford men were more or less interested in the awards, judges of other breeds were appointed all through.

Dale, the property of F. A. Nave, Attica, Indiana, was champion of the show, first as aged bull and headed the champion herd of bull and four females.

At the subsequent sale, 289 animals were sold, of which 151 were bulls, averaging \$307, and 138 females, averaging \$328. A 20-month heifer, Armour Rose, made \$2,500. Other females sold at \$1,625 and \$1,250. The highest bull, a yearling, made \$1,400, the next \$1,200. The heifer, Armour Rose, was given by her owner, K. B. Armour, to be raffled for the benefit of a city hall fund, won by a lady and bought back at \$1,000, to be resold now. A bull calf, just a year old, was sold at \$1,950, and resold the next day at a still wilder figure.

Every stock paper of any note joins in denouncing the excessive "fitting" of the prize winners. The Breeders' Gazette, which gave the \$150 cash prize won by the Nave herd, says:

"In view of the fact that the Gazette has persistently deprecated the awarding of prizes in breeding rings to cattle burdened with excessive fat, and as this prize was offered largely with a view towards encouraging those who do not approve of extreme obesity in these contests, it had been generally believed by those who clearly understood our purpose that the herd headed by Dale would be regarded as rather too rich to receive this recognition. We stipulated that there must be ample evidence of the fact that the bringing out of the beast in suitable show-yard form has probably not threatened its physical well-being." Without questioning the right of Mr. Nave's thoroughly-trained cattle to win in the regular competitions under existing standards of show-yard judging, we do not believe that any experienced breeder will contend that breeding cattle can be brought to such ripeness for the block without threatening seriously their future usefulness."

At this show the most highly finished animals got highest all through. After the pure bred animals had been judged and sold over 200 grades were sold for beef. The success of this great Hereford turnout ensures a repetition of the same nature next year.

It may be as well to note here that the week before this great show a combination sale of Shorthorns was held at the same place. It was not pushed more than any other stock sale of the same character. H. C. Duncan, a well known breeder, owned the pick of the lot and the first 15 sold brought an average of \$306. H. F. Brown, of Minneapolis, a breeder well known as of the first rank in Minnesota, bought 14 head, one of them at \$335.

John Aikenhead, Hartney, Man.: "It gives our family much pleasure to renew for The Nor'-West Farmer one year more. We consider it one of our good friends." Nov. 15, 1899.

Marchmont Stock Farm.



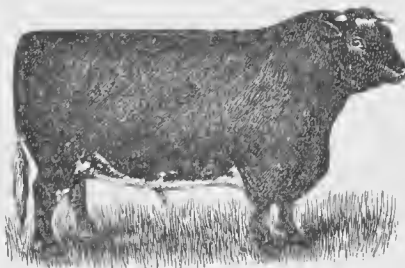
SCOTCH - BRED SHORTHORNS

I have now on hand for sale the 4-year-old bull Crown Jewel 18th (the heaviest and thickest bull ever shown at Winnipeg), 3 yearlings—one Ontario bred, and 17 bull calves, one imported in dam.

At moderate prices. Also **BERKSHIRE PIGS.**

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CLYDESDALES—Stallions and Mares, all ages.
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All animals registered in their respective herd books. Everything for sale, except the stock bulls Lord Stanley 2nd and Golden Measure. If notified, visitors met at the station. Come and see the stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write or wire—

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A few young Holsteins for sale. Also
Yorkshire Pigs.

A. B. POTTER, Montgomery, Assa

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I have been breeding Short horn Cattle right here for over a quarter of a century. I breed my own Show Cattle, and last year had at the Winnipeg Industrial the Gold Medal Herd. First for Bull and two of his get, and first for Cow and two of her progeny. I usually have stuff for sale, and am always pleased to show it.

WALTER LYNCH, Westbourne, Man.

OAK GROVE FARM.

**SHORTHORN
CATTLE and
LARGE, IMPROVED
YORKSHIRE
SWINE**



Orders booked now for Young Pigs. Among the Shorthorns recently imported from Ontario, I have for sale a few very fine heifers, and the 8 months old bull Sharkey (dark red); also a fine bunch of sows with pig, and a few choice boars fit for service.

JAS. BRAY, Longburn, Man.

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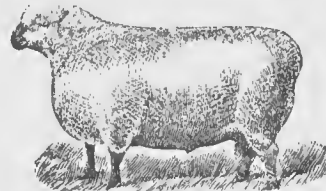
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Rams and ewes from the most fashionable imported blood. Inspection invited. For full particulars apply
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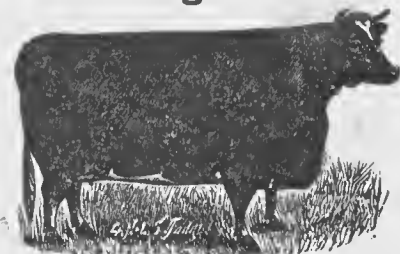
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Shropshire Sheep
Yorkshire and Berkshire Swine.**

Address all communications to **JAS. YULE, Mgt.**
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Choice Young Bulls for Sale!



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Box 193, BRANDON, MAN.

U. S. Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Animal Industry.

The fifteenth annual report of the Bureau of Animal Industry has just been issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. It is a bulky volume of 640 pages, and even at that it bears evidence of a careful effort to crowd the greatest amount of useful information into the smallest possible space. Many of the articles deal at a considerable length with the subjects under discussion. Of the 50 leading papers some are of comparatively little interest to Canadian readers, dealing as they do with such subjects as Texas fever, hog cholera, American exports to foreign countries, and export and live stock statistics of the different states of the union.

Other articles are extracted from the bulletins of the experiment stations, and deal with topics, some of which have already been put before the readers of *The Farmer*. Of these may be mentioned the feeding of range lambs, experiments in cattle feeding, egg production and dehorning, tuberculosis, etc. Extracts are given from the reports of U.S. consuls at foreign points wherever such information

the steamers are unable to get full cargoes often enough to warrant their owners in making regular trips. It is quite a common sight, however, to see a steamer from Buenos Ayres with no other cargo than live cattle and sheep. Even should the breeders of South America succeed in improving their cattle up to the standard of those bred in the United States, there is not much danger, owing to the long distance and cost of transportation, of their cattle competing in the English markets with the United States cattle."

Cape Colony is now prominent in the minds of all readers. We learn among many other things dealt with in the consular report that though the cattle of the country were, as in the days of Abraham, a most important part of the wealth of the people, both white and black, that rinderpest has killed three-quarters of a million of them, and meat products, including eggs, must now be imported from Australasia, and the States, the butter going mainly from Denmark. Australia and New Zealand are now sending them tinned goods, sheep and beef tongues, boiled and roast mutton and condensed milk. Bacon and ham reach them mostly from England, as they prefer the English cured article.

equal parts of flowers of sulphur and lard. The stalls and rubbing posts where affected cattle have been should all be thoroughly whitewashed. A solution composed of one pint of sulphuric acid and three gallons of water is also very effectual for the same purpose.

Sloppy Feed for Cows.

A good many farmers have the idea that if the feed of milk cows is cooked or given in the form of slops there will be an increase in the yield of milk. We have known men who were furnishing milk by the quart to townspeople to go to the trouble of feeding slops, frequently cooking them, saying that it would increase the quantity of milk and would decrease the richness, and it was quantity and not richness that made them money, says Wallace's Farmer. In this they are mistaken. This subject has been discussed quite freely at the stations. At the Highland Agricultural Society in Scotland cooked feed was given to four cows and uncooked feed to four others, and the only difference was that the cows receiving cooked feed gave six-tenths of a pound, or a little over one-half pint, per day more. This increase



A Bunch of Shorthorns from the Herd of Jas. Wilson, Innisfail, Alta.

is likely to affect the export and sale of American stock products. There are, by way of illustration, 25 full page plates and 69 smaller illustrations. All of these papers are carefully edited and present a comprehensive and yet very compact and reliable treatment of the topics dealt with by the writers. We may cull here and there a few specimens of the subject matter of this interesting volume. The first deals with South American cattle as seen on the English market and is by the U.S. inspector of live stock at an English port of delivery.

"During 1897 there were received from the Argentine Republic 7,836 more cattle than during 1896. The South American cattle are still very rough and are not yet up to the standard of first-rate beef, but they are improving year by year. The voyage is a long one, and during certain seasons the cattle show the effects of the journey very much on their arrival in Great Britain. During 1897 the loss of South American cattle bound for Great Britain averaged more than 80 head per 1,000. The English board of agriculture are doing all they can to have the steamers engaged in this trade better fitted. It is almost an impossibility to compel the steamship owners to have permanent fittings on the boats which transport South American cattle. This condition obtains because

Australia sends beef and butter to England by way of the Cape, 30 days' sail, delivering part of the cargo at the Cape it wanted and carrying the rest on a further trip of about 20 days. Mutton was once equally cheap and abundant, but now it is reported that disease of a very serious character has broken out among their sheep also. The Australian butter is put up in 56 lb. boxes, costs 2 cents freight, 6 cents duty and sells at 30c. to 40c. per lb. wholesale. By the way, we may mention that Australia and Montreal are about equally distant from Cape Town and that candled eggs were, at the date of this report, selling at 40 cents, strictly fresh at double that figure, but, of course, in limited quantities. If war prices are now ruling there living must be high enough at present. A year and a half ago the retail price of provisions at the Cape was as follows: Bacon, 36c., butter, 56c., cheese, 30c., tinned ham, 48c. per tin, condensed milk 30c. per tin.

The Bureau of Animal Industry answers veterinary questions also, of which a few specimens are given. One we may quote here.

Ringworm.—Apply grease or oil to loosen the scabs. In about 12 hours after the first application rub the affected spots with a curry comb to remove the scab and then apply an ointment composed of

may have been accidental. At any rate it proves that the increase is not sufficient to justify the cooking.

The Ontario Agricultural College did some experimenting with regard to the slop question, and found that there was little or no difference whether the cow had the water in her slop or drank it afterwards. There was no evidence whatever that slops add in any way either to the amount of milk or its richness. There is a decided advantage in giving succulent food to dairy cows. Nature, or rather the Author of nature, has a trick in mixing water and the solids in the shape of growing things that the art of man has never been able to imitate; hence, the water in grass, in roots, and in ensilage has an effectiveness that can be supplied by no water that any man mixes with any kind of feed.

Jos. Morton, Moosomin, Assa.—"I write to let you know that I am well satisfied with *The Farmer*. I would not be without it, for there is a most useful lot of reading in each issue."—Nov. 13, 1899.

In selecting a calf for a dairy sire, instead of choosing one from a smooth, fat cow, take one from the lank cow of more pronounced dairy type, provided, of course, she has a milk and butter record that is a big improvement upon what your own are doing.

For Permanent Usefulness.

A western reader writes The Farmer complaining of the unsatisfactory results from an investment in show stock. This is not by any means the first complaint of the kind and as a rule the younger the prize winning animal has been the smaller is its chance of future usefulness. It is only fair to point out on the other hand that the man who sells a prize yearling is only doing what every other capable business man is aiming at. He is turning out as well as his means and skill will permit what he knows will bring most money on the market. If it is wrong to force and pamper young stock, whose present value is entirely dependent upon their chances of future usefulness, it is the want of skill on the part of the buyer quite as much as the misdirected skill of the seller that is to blame for the subsequent disappointment.

It is a gratifying feature of the distribution recently made by the C.P.R. that those bulls were in a condition that makes it comparatively easy for their new owners to keep them growingly fit for hearty breeding. With ordinary care and plain food those animals can be kept in fitness for every day breeding for many years of future usefulness. Bulls of the same age "fitted" for show would most likely have "gone to pieces" in too many instances. Food and treatment conducive to prolonged future usefulness are what the sires of any kind of stock meant for every day use should always have, less or more than that will only do harm. It is interesting to recall what was said three-quarters of a century ago, by Thomas Bates, of Kirkclevington, about his own management. "I exhibited at the Tyne-side show from 1804 till 1812, but never showed my best cattle." Breeding vigor was of much more importance in his eyes than a string of prize tickets.

Conditions to Ultimate Success in Breeding.

In the present issue will be found a short account of the splendid display made a few days ago at Kansas City by the Hereford breeders. That show and the fancy prices made there by crack lots, are from one point of view of little direct interest to most of us Canadians. But there is another and a very practical side from which, if wise, we can learn a great deal. The question of how it will affect the future usefulness of the breed touches us as much as it does them. If the animals that rise above the \$1,000 mark are to contribute in a corresponding degree to the perpetuation of the qualities most essential to every variety of beef cattle, that show was worth all the money it cost. If, as is too likely, the breeding powers of most of those prize winners were permanently vitiated by excess of fat and over-fitting, there was more room for regret than jubilation over that splendid display.

Most of the honors won and high prices paid were by comparatively new men, naturally ambitious to make a name for themselves, and willing to pay pretty stiffly for the glory they sought and still aspire to. The sturdy veterans, the Pontings and the Sothams, either stayed away or made a very limited display and, though Sotham's lot was rated very high by such a tip-top judge as the Breeders' Gazette, it had no show against animals so fat that there is a chance of their never breeding at all. "There is evidently a considerable lack of information on that subject," says the writer in the Gazette. We have not read the history of cattle breed-

GOLD STANDARD HERD OF REGISTERED BERKSHIRES.



Just a few left of either sex. Can supply a few unrelated pairs. Am breeding a number of fine sows for early spring litters, and have already booked a number of orders for spring pigs. A number of grand young B. P. Rock cockerels from eggs brought from Illinois.

Correspondence solicited. Address—

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JOHN S. ROBSON,
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30 SHORTHORN BULLS

and as many
HEIFERS FOR SALE.

Write me before buy i



Ridgewood Stock Farm, Souris, Man.

WM. SHARMAN

BREEDER OF

High Class Herefords

A few early Bull Calves for sale.

JERSEY BULL FOR SALE.

No. 50202. 2 years old in February. Solid color, black tongue and switch. Took 1st prize in Winnipeg as calf.

H. R. KEYES, Midway, Man.

Plain View Stock Farm.

Box 58, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

F. W. BROWN

Importer and Breeder of

Shorthorns, Cotswolds and Berkshires

My stock are strictly in it yet. Young stock constantly on hand and for sale. Write for prices, or call and see. Visitors always welcome.

HOLSTEIN BULLS FOR SALE

One yearling bull, ready for service, and one three months old bull calf. Both out of Tempest IV., a cow that gave 101.50 lbs. of milk, containing 3.39 lbs. butter fat, in two days at Brandon Fair.

JAS. HERRIOTT, Box 7, Souris, Man.

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I have a number of choice Dorset Horned Rams and Lamb Rams; also 2 registered Bull Calves for sale at reasonable figures.

W. J. WHITLEY, Emerson, Man.

BERKSHIRES & COTSWOLDS.

August Pigs now for sale, perfect little beauties of excellent breeding. Also 2 yearling sows, one due to farrow (a model Berk.), and a yearling Boar, extra choice. Write for descriptions and prices; so cheap it will surprise you. No culls. Stock guaranteed as represented. Also Cotswold Shearling Ram and Ram Lamb, good ones. E. HYSOP, Landazar Stock Farm, Box 492, Killarney, Man.

MAPLE CLIFF DAIRY and Stock Farm.



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Young stock for sale at all times. Farm within 5 minutes' walk Cen. Experimentl. Farm.

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I have a number of promising young Stallions for sale.

My Shorthorn herd is headed by "Best Yet," bred by Hon John Dryden, of Brooklin, Ontario. A number of young stock of both sexes, all registered, are for sale, and can be recommended as first-class animals.

Correspondence solicited. Prices right.

R. REED-BYERLEY, Cook's Creek, Man., breeder and importer of Clydesdales. Headed by Gem Prince, sired by Cedric. Correspondence solicited.

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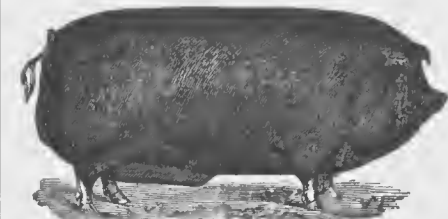
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Our herd are direct descendants of such noted hogs as Canada Wilkes, Guy Wilkes 2nd, M. P. Sanders, and the Tecumsehs. Nothing but first-class stock shipped. Write for what you want; satisfaction guaranteed. Prices always reasonable. Nothing but choice sows kept for breeders. We are now booking orders for spring pigs of 1899. We have a few good winter pigs for sale. Write and describe what you want, and we will endeavor to treat you as we would wish to be treated.

Ayrshire Cattle. Red Tamworth. IMPROVED YORKSHIRE & BERKSHIRE PIGS.

A good selection now on hand, and will quote close prices to reduce stock.

Caldwell Bros, Briery Bank Farm, Orchard, Ont.

When writing advertisers, mention The Farmer.

ing correctly if we accept a herd of cattle in such high condition as presenting the true breeder's ideal of condition." Eighty years ago Thomas Bates said he did not show his best cattle. The next best were good enough to use for that purpose.

Eastern Canada has made for itself an excellent reputation for breeding sound business cattle, Shorthorns especially, and what is very much to the point, some of its best cattle have lived in usefulness to a great age, Barmpton Hero, Challenge and Indian Chief for examples. Their owners knew their business and the resulting profit was a sure thing. That knowledge we need now in the west quite as much as ever did our eastern brethren. There ought to be a dozen breeders of choice pure-bred stock in the west for one that we have now. We want at every fitting opportunity to bring in new blood of a kind that will tell to advantage, but it must be bought with judgment and handled afterwards with equal judgment and perseverance. We want new blood in the breeders themselves. Why should not ten or a dozen of the brightest sons of our western breeders, instead of aspiring to be lawyers and doctors and dentists, go over to the old land and hire as

Mertoun Leicesters have stood at the top for a century, but never won a prize till they were out of their breeders' hands.

The great ideal followed in both cases we refer to was to get an embodiment of qualities that would stay and keep staying—an ideal form, robust constitution, the power to use food to the best advantage and transmit to offspring its own most valuable qualities. There are laws of breeding that must be understood and recognized all along, laws of health to be obeyed, and the best laid plans may fail of fruition, but enthusiasm and perseverance will triumph over all obstacles and in the end bring both honor and profit.

We are only on the threshold of the breeding possibilities of the Northwest and "there remaineth much land to be possessed." Much improvement is possible, as our best men to-day will readily acknowledge. There is no royal road to breeding success, but the road is very plain to all who will take the requisite pains. "No gain without pain," but the gain to the true-hearted breeder is as clearly in sight here as anywhere else in the world of which we have any knowledge.

When writing advertisers, mention The Farmer.

must certainly go to the wall. The Shorthorn is still the 'red, white and roan,' and any animal of the breed showing tendency to Hereford or Polled Angus type would be rejected without delay.

Even the attempts made in deference to the fancy of American purchasers to produce solid red colors, are "still wisely unheeded by the main body of British breeders of Shorthorns. If the red is sometimes looked after it is rather with a view to rich roans, and the maintenance of plenty of color wherever the tendency in a herd is to become too light in color, than to destroy that charm of beautiful variety which characterizes the breed, in favor of one color alone. But whether white, red, red and white, or roan, the Shorthorn holds its place; and perhaps without fear of contradiction or question it may be said that the Shorthorn herds of the British Islands are better on the whole, at the present time, than they were in the days of the wildest prices. Certainly the useful properties of the breed are more exclusively the objects of breeders than they were when the selling price depended almost wholly upon pedigree. The increased attention to the dairy properties, whilst substance is maintained, is also a happy return to the practice of



On the Farm of Nelson Bedford, Glencross, Man., under the shelter of Pembina Mountain.

See "Among the Farmers" elsewhere in this issue.

cattlemen among the men whose stock is at the fountain head of the breeds they represent? These young men could in two years see and learn more to good purpose and ultimate profit at such places as Collynie and Mertoun, or fifty other places less noted by the outside world, working on cattle and sheep and horses than they can ever gather at home on present methods. A year with the Watts or Arthur Johnston, or John Campbell, of Woodville, would be equally well spent. Six months at the cow's tail is the very best preparatory school for the class room of the agricultural college, but six months' constant association with a shrewd cattleman in a first-rate breeding establishment is worth more than some college oracles have any idea of. In fact our most reliable oracles have learned in such humble schools some of the best things they ever knew.

What every man needs who is ever to make any figure as a breeder, is fitness and faith, all round fitness, the fruit of observation, reading and study—faith in the reward the future has surely in store for the men who have acquired the proper equipment. We are not aware that the Cruickshanks ever sought or won showyard honors, they had a different ideal and that ideal they worked out in a way to win the world's admiration.

Tendencies in Shorthorn Breeding.

William Housman, a well-known English authority on cattle breeding, in discussing the past and future of cattle breeding, says that there may be new breeds evolved by the blending of the blood of present pure breeds, perhaps in the same way as the Shropshire and Hampshire Downs among sheep have been brought about through the agency of men with a genius for such work. He thinks there is a tendency this way. In his paper he reviews the various conjectures made in the past on the probable expansion of the leading breeds that were then candidates for public favor, and says:

"We have not to look back beyond the memory of men still young, for the period when, as fancy prices for Shorthorns of a few favored lines of breeding declined, the cry that the day of the Shorthorn had closed was hastily uttered and extensively echoed. As the Hereford's advanced value was then recent, and the Aberdeen-Angus was in the ascendant, and a considerable number of American breeders had invested capital extensively in one or both of those breeds, American wit went to the extent of saying that unless the Shorthorn made haste to put on either a black skin or a white face it

early Shorthorn breeders, and has already gone far to recover what the breed had lost in reputation as a milking breed, through a long-prevailing habit of keeping stock cows and bulls in a state of excessive condition and forcing the development of the young stock by high feeding from birth to maturity. The change in this respect is greatly for the better."

The fashionable Shorthorn of the period referred to by Mr. Housman, is now about as rare as is the zebra. Cruickshanks evolved the idea of the business Shorthorn and now all over the world that is the type that brings the fancy prices, while the aristocratic specimens that could not half suckle their own offspring and cost piles of money to buy and maintain are either wiped out by tuberculosis or being pushed off the stage by the stock of Aberdeenshire tenant farmers.

This is the beginning of the season when the farm stock furnishes the income. What are yours doing for you? If they are not furnishing you an income, shouldn't they?

R. B. Hetherington, Douglas, Man.:—"I consider that no farmer can afford to be without an agricultural paper, and I am satisfied The Nor'-West Farmer is the best farm paper for Manitoba that is printed."—Nov. 13, 1899.

Condition and Breeding.

There are a good many country shows in Manitoba, at which the severest critic would have no occasion to complain of over-condition, even in the animals shown as fat stock. More frequently the fault is all the other way. But at the Winnipeg Industrial there are always a few animals shown in the breeding classes for cattle, sheep and swine whose condition is not at all favorable to their future breeding usefulness. But all the same, the highly finished beast usually gets the award. The Breeder's Gazette, which gave a valuable prize for breeding stock at Kansas City, is evidently very much annoyed at the way the awards there were affected by the condition of the animals. It says: "The classes for breeding animals of the flesh-bearing breeds at the great agricultural exhibitions are nothing more nor less than fat stock shows. From the early days of Shorthorns down to this last the stock breeding world has been perfectly well aware of the fact that excessively fat breeding animals rarely prove profitable for the practical purposes of reproduction. At the same time the very men who cry out loudest against the over-training of breeding animals for show purposes pin judges' badges upon their coats, walk into the show-yard, and, in all ordinary cases, send the highest honors to the animals groaning under the most tallow. Knowing perfectly well that this heated condition of the body is unfavorable to health, that it leads almost inevitably to fatty degeneration of vital organs and is opposed to longevity and fecundity, those who ought to know better and who do know better, continue to search simply for the fat ones for places in the prize list. The feeder of the champion herd at Kansas City last week on having his attention drawn to this subject, asked, 'Well, what are we to do about it? Our object in going to the shows is to win prizes. We all know what it takes to win. We do not set up the standard and we are not, therefore, to blame. We try to give the judges what they seem to want.' These boys know their business. They have found by dear experience that fat is the one thing needful in the show-ring and no blame attaches to them for this deplorable state of affairs. Reform must begin in the judge's box. In fact, it must begin before the judge is put to work. It must begin with the preparation of the rules and regulations governing these contests. There is but one proper point of view from which breeding animals should be judged. The one single question which every judge in a breeding ring should ask himself is this: 'Which animal had I rather own for actual use in breeding?'"

That some of our own prize stock is occasionally too fat for breeding at all, or may drop small calves as the result of excessive condition in the dams, can hardly be questioned, and, as our home stock of breeding cows is very small at best, it is all the more to be regretted if the pick of them are converted into poor breeders by undue feeding. While we are about it, it may be as well to point out that too many bulls, otherwise all right for breeding, become next to useless by being confined from year's end to year's end without sufficient exercise. They lose procreative power and are used up at half their proper time from this cause more than any other.

The sale of grade cattle held by Duncan Sinclair, Oakville, on Nov. 14th, was an indication of the steady increase of value in well graded cattle. Seventy-three head of cattle averaged \$33. A considerable number were calves and yearlings. The pedigreed bull, Masterpiece, was bought by Jas. Bray, Longburn, for \$127.

The Value of Straw.

Where straw is annually burned many farmers fail to realize its full value or give it the care that it deserves. Half the time that which is to be saved is not properly stacked, simply threshed into a heap and left there. Straw, properly stacked or put under cover, makes much better food than if improperly handled and allowed to be washed by rain. If the greenest grain is saved for feed, stacked as soon as possible to prevent bleaching by rain in the stook, then properly cared for after it is threshed, a much higher feeding value can be secured. As a rule, farmers are not willing to place as high a feeding value on straw as it contains. Nice bright, clean straw is better feed for any stock than poor or musty hay. It is also well to remember that straw fed in a warm stable will produce results nearly equalling those of hay fed outside in the yard, and especially so if considerable hay is wasted by the stock.

In feeding value both wheat and oat straw compare favorably with timothy hay. The following table shows the comparative amount of digestible protein or flesh-forming constituents of the digestible carbohydrates or starch and sugar substances that are used by the animals to produce heat to keep them warm, and of the amount of digestible fat which is also used to keep up animal heat and to lay on fat:—

	Digestible Constituents in 100 lbs.		
	Protein.	Carbo- hydrates.	Fat.
Oat straw	1.2 lbs.	38.6 lbs.	0.8 lbs.
Wheat straw . . .	0.4 lbs.	36.3 lbs.	0.4 lbs.
Timothy	2.8 lbs.	43.4 lbs.	1.4 lbs.
Fodder corn (field cured)	2.5 lbs.	34.6 lbs.	1.2 lbs.

The principal difference is in the amount of protein and fat. The former is the most important of animal foods and the one which, if supplied a little more freely along with straw, would bring animals through winter in much higher flesh. They have to eat too much straw to get enough of this protein to keep up. Consequently they take it from their flesh and get thin. Feeding experiments show that a beef steer weighing 1,000 lbs. needs 1.8 lbs. of protein every day to keep in good condition. To get that much protein from wheat straw he would have to eat 450 lbs. of it a day—an utter impossibility. Therefore, the need of supplying a certain amount in a concentrated form, such as grain, is apparent. Try a few pounds of chop along with the straw to "balance" it, and see if it does not make a great improvement in your stock. Aside from its feeding value, straw has a high manurial value, which as yet farmers are slow to recognize.

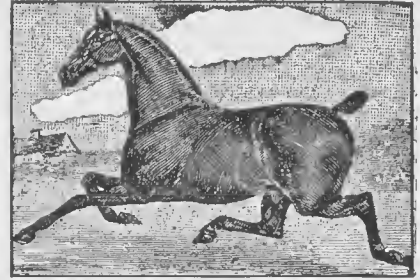
A manure is a substance which will furnish plant food to the soil. Manures may be divided into two classes—nutritive and stimulant.

VIOLIN OUTFIT FOR -
WORTH \$14.45 **\$9.50**



1 Violin \$10; 1 Violin Bow \$1.25; 1 Violin Case, full-lined flannel, with lock, \$2.50; extra set Stings 50c.; Bridge 10c.; Resin 10c.; total \$14.45—will be sent complete upon receipt of \$9.50. Our name is your guarantee.

TURNER & CO., COR. PORTAGE AVE & CARRY, WINNIPEG.



HACKNEYS FOR SALE.

Several Hackney Stallions, pure bred and registered. Can also supply yearling Hackney stallions in the spring, with three crosses (unregistered).

RAWLINSON BROS.

Box 20, CALGARY, ALTA.



SHORTHORNS for sale. About 40 head of pure-bred Bulls, 6 Heifers from 12 to 24 months old, sired by Indian Warrior (sweepstakes bull at World's Fair) and Sittyton Stamp (imp). Our herd has taken more prizes than any other herd in Canada this last 6 years, including 43 herd prizes, without ever being defeated. All stock sold will be delivered freight free as far west as Calgary in March.
JOS. LAWRENCE & SONS, Clearwater, Man.



CHOICE-BRED

Shorthorns.

For sale a number of Shorthorn COWS and HEIFERS, a well bred and well made lot.

JOHN RAMSEY, Priddy P.O., ALBERTA.



A QUICK, SHARP CUT

hurts much less than a bruise, crush or tear

Done with the **DEHORNING** KEystone KNIFE

is the safest. Quick, sharp cut. Cuts from four

sides at once. Cannot crush bruise or tear.

Most humane method of dehorning known.

Took highest award World's Fair. Write for free circulars before buying.

KEYSTONE DEHORNING CO. Picton, Ont.

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Wool Wanted

"THE BRANDON FELT WORKS" requires all kinds of Wool, and will pay the **HIGHEST PRICES.**

Write for prices, or send samples by mail for quotations.

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FOR SALE.

The Samuel Hanna Estate at Griswold.

As this estate must be closed out, it has been decided to offer for sale all those splendid farms owned by the late Samuel Hanna, and comprising about 1,700 acres within a few miles of Griswold. The land will be sold in parcels. It is highly improved with buildings, fences and cultivation.

A great opportunity is here offered to anyone desiring a first-class farm. For particulars apply to **EDMUND W. HANNA, Box 243, Griswold, or to COLDWELL & COLEMAN, Barristers, Brandon.**

When writing advertisers, kindly mention The Nor'-West Farmer.

SWINE.

Pork Production.

Bulletin No. 33 has been recently issued by the Ottawa Experimental Farm. It is by J. H. Grisdale, B. Agr., the new agriculturist, and is a resume of the leading experiments made there during the last

lbs. of milk per day than when it was fed liberally, say 12 lbs. a day.

The younger the pig the greater was the benefit from feeding it skim-milk. The health of pigs fed skim-milk seemed always better than when the feed was grain alone.

Later experiments show that a gain of from 5 to 10 per cent. may be looked for when the grain is ground. If whole oats were fed 21 per cent. went through undigested and half of that germinated when

Forty-four hogs of mixed breeding were fed in 11 different ways for 84 days. They were given all they would eat for 60 days and seemed getting too fat. After this their diet was limited. "Soft pork" was to be traced to its origin. The softest of all pork was got from peas fed along with a little clover. Skim milk always made firm pork, and when mixed with ground corn made greater gains than any other mixture. Immature animals always had a greater tendency to softness.

It will be seen that this bulletin prepared by Professor J. H. Grisdale has not much to tell that is entirely new, but it presents in compact form all that can be learned from eight years' tests at the Central Station.

Comfort for the Pig.

A great many experiments on the feeding of pigs are being from time to time recorded. But very little notice is taken in these reports of a point that is of greater importance than some people think. No animal is more susceptible to atmospheric influences than the pig. Damp bedding is another little noticed cause of trouble and loss. Young pigs are more liable to injury than older ones and if they are allowed to get rheumatic through exposure to cold winds or among damp bedding, all hope of profit from such pigs is at an end. An open seam in the pig pen does not count for much in some people's eyes, but it is ruin to a pig. A dry bed is of great importance and for this reason some very capable pig raisers keep them on a raised platform. If the bedding is dry such a platform ensures a large amount of comfort, for no matter how much bedding there may be a well grown pig always digs to the bottom of it to make its bed. The smallest chink through which the wind can blow does harm and it is carelessness on such apparently trifling matters that accounts for the poor profits often got from winter fed pigs. Keep out the wind, provide a dry bed and suitable food and the winter fed pig will pay as well as the summer one.

Prize-Winning Berkshire Boar, Proud Victor, the property of R. McKenzie, High Bluff, Man.

Proud Victor (4601) was sired by Baron Lee 4th, dam, Fantasy. In 1897 this hog was second at Winnipeg, being beaten by one of the same herd. In 1898 he was second to Perfection, who stood at the head of the herd. In 1899 he was first and sweepstakes. He headed the sweepstakes open herd and also the first prize open herd bred in Manitoba, and was awarded the special offered by the Dominion Swine Breeders' Association for best boar any age.

eight years with various breeds of swine and with various ways of feeding them, so as to produce a superior kind of pork in the most economical way. We summarize from it as follows:—

In cross-breeding for a type of pig suitable for choice bacon production, Prof. Robertson's experiments go to show that the best bacon hog is a Yorkshire-Tamworth or Yorkshire-Berkshire. For early maturity the Berkshire-Tamworth was very good. Crosses with Poland-China or Chester White proved too chunky and fat.

Four tests made in 1894 were very inconclusive, except that on the whole cross-breeds or grades made greater gains than pure breeds. There was no constant or appreciable superiority in the breeds and breeding tested in respect to the quantity of food consumed per pound of increase in live weight. The difference in the thriftiness, or power to increase in live weight per pound of feed consumed, was greater between different animals in the same litter than between breeds or breeding as such, in different litters. In these experiments the class of improved large Yorkshires kept on the farm made smaller gains than any other pure breed.

Another extensive lot of experiments went to show that ground grain gave better returns than whole.

To soak 24 hours is sound management. A mixture of different grains is always better than any one kind fed alone.

Raw potatoes show little profit, but a few that were cooked show fair profit, though not so much as to warrant their regular use as a leading article of diet. For stockers, potatoes and mangels are good.

Skim-milk has always been regarded as a most valuable article of diet. It was found that a limited amount of it fed along with crushed corn made the cheapest of all blends of diet. Fed along with crushed oats or frozen wheat, the milk did not show to the same advantage because too much protein came together. There was more marked benefit from giving about 3

sown. Other grains also were passed undigested, but not to the same extent, and only a small part of the corn so voided would germinate.

Another set of experiments go to show that there is no appreciable difference in value when the feed is given warm and cooked as against feeding it cold and raw.

There is a gradual loss of profit in feeding whenever the weight gets beyond 200 lbs.



Milking Scene on the Farm of Wilfred Mailhot, six miles south-west of Wolseley, Assa.

One rather important test was the difference between giving pigs all they would eat and a limited quantity of the same food. This test proved what is found true, so far as we know, in all other forms of stock-feeding, that a beast that gets all it can eat does not make the best profit out of it. Overfed pigs go off their feed, the others do not.

The most recent experiment reported on was conducted in the fall of 1898 on the suggestion of Professor Robertson.

Breeding hogs should not be fat.

If a plank floor is put in the sleeping quarters have it close to the ground; a raised floor is generally a cold one.

Judgment in breeding is the outcome of experience. A man may have lots of experience and yet lack judgment.

While a hog may quench his thirst by drinking slop, better health and thrift will be maintained if he has pure water to drink when he wants it.

Fair or Show.

Sometimes we call it a fair, sometimes a show. It depends a good deal on the season which feature predominates. If it is a summer fair there is a good deal more horse racing, and if big, or trying to look big, there are balloons, pick-pockets, freaks, nigger minstrels, ground and lofty tumbling, half a dozen to thirty side shows and miscellaneous fakes, whose number depends on what the fakers think that fair will be worth to them. The less of real value the visitors are looking for at that fair, the better will it be for the fake dealers and performers who are there for what they can pick up. It does not matter whether the show is held for two days or a week, the more "attractions" you offer the less will that fair be worth as a contributory to the education of the farmer, and the solid progress of the country.

In slow old countries like England and France no side shows or attractions of any kind are permitted inside the grounds. It is assumed that there is plenty to be seen without such things to give good value for the gate charge. It is a "show" of stock, produce, implements, everything, in short, that an intelligent and enquiring farmer wants to see in connection with his business. Visitors go round from morning till night, day after day, if they have the time to spare, seeing things in general and examining with care such objects as their particular tastes and business lead them to take an interest in. A pleasant outing is combined with sound business. Variety is secured by going from the cattle pens to the poultry and machinery departments, etc., etc.

All that is so dead slow that no American board of directors would venture to try such a show. There is one partial exception. The abuse of snide tricksters and side shows became so rank that the race track is the only attraction now retained. The agricultural exhibits are so comprehensive that side shows are a superfluity.

A goodly number of our local shows are still held in the fall, and if the season has been a busy one, that one day at the show supplies a well earned holiday. There is a profusion of field and garden produce, and no time for side shows, still less use for them. The fall show, after all, is the most businesslike institution and gives no opportunities for the operations of imported frauds and fakers.

Ring the Changes.

This is the professional name for the trick of which the following is an example, taken from the Portage Liberal:—

"A certain lady in the locality bought a book off an agent for the sum of \$2.50 last spring. The agent delivered the book a few days ago, for which two one-dollar bills and 50 cents was paid to him. The agent wished for a larger bill, which would be more convenient for him to carry. A \$5 bill was handed him and he paid back the two and a half paid him before and then left. His whereabouts was unknown before the lady saw her mistake."

People sometimes complain of the number of idle dogs on our farms. We think there are too few of the right sort. Smooth-tongued rascality is the chief accomplishment of many "agents."

Mistress: "Bridget, I told you I wanted all the eggs for breakfast soft, and several were quite hard."

Bridget: "Sure, mum, they were all in to bile the same length of time, only some of them felt the heat more than others."

"PASTEUR" BLACKLEG VACCINE.

The original, genuine and *successful* vaccine remedy for Blackleg. In powder form—"Single" Application, \$1.50 per packet (10 to 12 head); "Double" Application, \$2 per double packet (10 to 20 head). Also

"BLACKLEGINE"—Single Application Vaccine—*ready for immediate use*:—10 head, \$1.50; 20 head, \$2.50; 50 head, \$6.

Beware of substitutes for and imitations of our well-known "Pasteur" Vaccines.

WRITE FOR PROOFS OF SUCCESS DURING THE LAST FOUR YEARS.

PASTEUR VACCINE CO.,
56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

W. J. MITCHELL & CO.,
Winnipeg, Man.

WORK
DONE
WITH

THOROLD CEMENT

SPEAKS
FOR
ITSELF.



T. F. PATTERSON'S CEMENT CONCRETE BLOCK, BIRTLE, MAN.
in course of construction, size 52½x70x44 ft. high, built with Thorold Cement.

THE basement is built of stone and the three stories above are built of cement concrete. The wall of the first storey is 13 feet high and one foot thick; that of the second storey is 10½ feet high and 10 inches thick, while the third storey wall is 10½ feet high and 8 inches thick. The walls are built of Thorold Cement and were constructed under the supervision of our Manitoba representative, N. B. Hagar. In his many years experience in concrete work, Mr. Hagar says, he never built a concrete wall on a stone foundation before, as he always starts with cement concrete foundations. In this case Mr. Patterson not only got all his stone out of the cellar to build his walls with, but had let the contract for building the foundation before he knew of the value of cement concrete.

FOR FREE PAMPHLET WITH FULL PARTICULARS, ADDRESS—

ESTATE OF JOHN BATTLE,

Thorold, Ont.

A FARMER'S SPECIALTY

Incorporated 1899 by Special Act of the
Legislature of Manitoba.

Authorized Capital \$500,000.00
In shares of \$100.00 each.

THE WESTERN CANADIAN HAIL INSURANCE COMPANY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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HEAD OFFICE, WAWANESA, MAN.

Shares of the Capital Stock of this Company are now being sold, ten per cent. payable on allotment. Farmers who invest in these shares will get Hail Insurance at actual cost, with absolute security.

THE UNION BANK OF CANADA, BANKERS.

Address all correspondence to the Secretary of the Company.

Among the Breeders.

F. W. Brown, Portage la Prairie, Man., has just shipped a red bull calf, Lyndhurst Pride, to A. F. Blair, Cando, N.D. This calf was dropped May 30, 1899, and sold at Winnipeg Exhibition for \$150.

S. J. Thompson & Son., Carberry, Man., having sold their Carberry farm, have bought land at Silver Heights, west of Winnipeg, where they will move shortly. Most of their present stock will be sold, only enough reserved for foundation stock for a new beginning on the new farm.

Henry Laycock, breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Poland China swine, Rosebank, Man., reports the sale of one Shorthorn cow and three heifer calves to John Anger, Carman; one bull to W. B. Saunders, Carman, and of three Poland China pigs to Malcolm McGregor, Pomeroy, Man.

Thos. Worth, Carberry, Man., has what may truly be considered a prolific sow. Last April she farrowed a litter of 19, of which she raised 12. In October she farrowed a litter of 21, of these 16 were alive three weeks after, when a representative of The Farmer saw them. She is a Yorkshire.

J. Van Veen, Lake View Rancho, File Hills, Fort Qu'Appelle, Assa., reports the

good one; and two heifers under a year, one a full sister to the two roan bulls shown by me at Brandon in 1899, and will make a show heifer if fitted."

W. D. Shattuck, Davisburg, Alta., recently announced a sale of his first-class Shorthorn cattle by public auction on November 1st at the Calgary exhibition grounds. The Farmer is pleased to notice the enterprise of Mr. Shattuck in thus trying to start large auction sales of pure-bred stock after the style of English stock breeders. We are sorry to learn, however, that the sale was not proceeded with because the attendance was so very small. Such sales should be well advertised and for as long a time as possible. Besides this, if two or more breeders could join forces and have their stock sold either the same day or the succeeding day, it would tend to draw more buyers from a distance.

Joseph Lawrence & Sons, Clearwater, Man., place an advertisement in this issue of The Farmer. In placing his "ad." Mr. Lawrence says: "Farmers will find our herd fully up to the high standard for which it has been noted in the past. Parties wanting stock, either for show or breeding purposes, will have a large number to choose from and that we have some good ones may be inferred from the fact that a heifer of our breeding, Jubilee Queen, was good enough to win sweepstakes at Winnipeg in the hands of D.

lin Campbell," is developing into a very well-filled beast of square, blocky build, and is growing well. He has proven to be a bull of splendid disposition and a sure stock-getter. The cows are all in good shape, but "Lakeside Clementina" and "Cleora 2nd of Lakeside" both Mr. McLennan's own raising, out of "Cleora" (imp.), are in especially pleasing fettle and are due to drop calves this month. The yearling heifers, of which we saw an especially good bunch last spring, have filled out very well and will make a lot of grand cows. All the yearling bulls were sold early in the season at good prices and there were enquiries for many more than could be supplied. Very many letters were received from the Territories and Mr. McLennan looks for a big demand there next spring. He has recently put down a bored well, and will have water in the stables hereafter. By reference to his ad. in this issue it will be observed that he is offering for sale some very fine females. We have formerly had the pleasure of seeing this herd, which now numbers about twenty-five head, and can safely say that when they are in shape to please the owner so well, they are looking well indeed.

Breed so that each generation will be better than the last.



J. Gorrell & Son's Threshing Outfit on the Farm of Hugh McKellar, Pilot Mound, Man.

following sales: One yearling Hereford bull to Messrs. Mois and Brindley, Beaver Hills; one three-year-old Galloway bull to W. Witteveen, Beaver Hills; one yearling Galloway bull to Fred. S. Mitchell, Clyderhouse, Edmonton, Alta.; one four-year-old Hereford bull, one yearling Hereford bull and two Galloway bull calves and Shropshire rams to J. A. S. Macdonald, Fort Qu'Appelle, Assa.

J. A. McGill, Neepawa, Man., reports having "just received a grand young Berkshire boar from the famous herd of A. J. Lovejoy & Son, Roscoe, Ill. He fully sustains their good reputation for having one of the finest herds in the world. This young pig was specially selected for me out of 60 young boars and is of the real up-to-date bacon type, possessing great length and depth and very smooth. He came through in fine shape, although 24 days on the way, 16 of which were spent in quarantine."

William Chalmers, Hayfield, Man., writes: "I have recently sold to John A. S. Macmillan, of Brandon, five heifers: Minnie Mine, two years old, with calf at foot, she was a prize winner at Winnipeg in 1898, the group for bull and two of his get; Gem of Hayfield, a nice red heifer, and winner of second prize in yearling class at Brandon in 1899, is straight and square and will show the Aberdeen breeding wherever she goes; Princess of Hayfield, another red heifer, a year old and a

Allison, and then go to Ontario and take first at Toronto, London and Ottawa. We do our own way-freighting and all stock sold will be delivered as usual in March as far west as Calgary at our own risk."

J. G. Washington, Ninga, Man., has had a nice calf crop the past season. He was successful in raising all of his calves, amongst which are four very fine short-legged, beefy young bulls of fine stamp. Mr. Washington's herd now numbers about twenty head, and it will be remembered that the owner has just had another "feather in his cap" by the winning of second place at the recent Minnesota State fair by a young bull of his raising, and now owned by the well-known breeder, N. P. Clark, of St. Cloud, Minn. His Clyde mare, "Bell," has a very nice filly, sired by Patrick McGregor, by Prince Patrick, sweepstakes stallion at the World's Fair. The dam of Patrick McGregor was a daughter of the famous McGregor. With such blood as this, that filly should turn out all right. A very good crop of 40 or 50 tons of timothy was cut this year. Mr. Washington has had good success with timothy growing and thinks that too close cutting is responsible in some measure at least for many of the short hay crops in Manitoba.

R. McLennan, Moropano, Man., reports a very good season in both breeding and sales. His young imported bull, "Sir Co-

A Lesson in Economics.

The American and Australian meat canners, after failing to reach an agreement regarding the British market, have started a rate war, and the five big American firms have agreed to lose \$1,000,000 in running the Australians out of the business, says the Toronto Globe. To make good the loss the American packers have made a substantial advance in the price to consumers at home. This is an excellent illustration of the way the protection system works out. The British people are to get \$1,000,000 worth of meat for nothing because they are wise enough to profit by the folly of others. Their market cannot be governed by the American, Australian or other packers, for it is open to the world, and in an article of general production like meat all the producers cannot be organized. The British consumer is to have cheap beef, just as he is obtaining cheap sugar through the German, French and Austrian bounties. The American packers, if not enjoying protection, would be obliged to suffer the cost of this generosity themselves. But secure in the restriction of a tax on imports, they are able to recoup themselves by advancing the price to their fellow-citizens at home. The Americans are thus forced to pay a higher price in order that the British may be given cheaper American beef. At one time the Americans objected to paying tribute to Britain.



Answers to Questions.

By an Experienced Veterinarian.

As it is desired to make this column as interesting and valuable as possible to subscribers, advice is given in it free in answer to questions on veterinary matters. Enquiries must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the subscriber, but the name will not be published if so desired. Free answers are only given in our columns. Persons requiring answers sent them privately by mail must enclose a fee of \$1.50. All enquiries must be plainly written, and symptoms clearly but briefly set forth.

Nasal Discharge.

W. M., Elkhorn, Man.: "I have a horse about thirteen years old. Breath from the left nostril smells badly, and there are frequent discharges of mucus. She feeds well and works well and appears otherwise quite healthy. What is the cause and what the cure?"

Answer.—A discharge from a single nostril always comes from some source within the head. If the lungs were the cause of it the discharge would flow from both nostrils. The exact location of the diseased part is a matter requiring skill and you should take your horse to a veterinary surgeon for his opinion, and probably the animal may have to undergo an operation before he is cured. In most cases of this kind where an evil smelling discharge comes from one nostril, the cause of the trouble is a tooth which is ulcerating at the root. The last three upper molars of the horse have their roots extending into what are called the maxillary sinuses. These sinuses are cavities in the bones of the head and in a healthy horse contain nothing but air, their object being doubtless to preserve the contour of the head without adding to its weight. They are connected with the nasal passages by small openings and like the air passages are lined with mucous membrane.

These sinuses are affected by catarrh occasionally, and as the excretion of the mucous membrane can only escape through the small opening at the upper part of the sinus, the sinus remains full of discharge, which becomes putrid and pollutes the breath. The fourth upper molar is more prone to decay than any other of the horse's teeth, and when this is ulcerating at the root, the pus gathers in the sinus above the root and overflows through the small opening referred to, escaping through the nostril as a fetid discharge. To cure these conditions an operation called trephining is performed. It consists in cutting through the skin at the point selected, and removing a small disc of bone. The cavity of the sinus is thus exposed and can be washed out with antiseptics and treated until a healthy condition is restored, when the opening is allowed to heal up.

Chronic Lymphangitis.

W. B. J., Midway, Man.: "I have a mare, three years old, that stocks up in left hind leg and at times trails the right leg, but only if she has been working on soft ground. She does considerable groaning when taken out of the stable for some time, always passing wind when driven. There is a slight hitch or click when she gets control of the right leg—no apparent lameness. The mare was sold for four years old and turned out to be only

two, so she was worked as a four-year-old and fed a little over a gallon of oats at a meal."

Answer.—Your mare has been injured by work and feed unsuitable for an immature horse. A condition of chronic lymphangitis has been produced in the leg and may remain permanent. Much may be done, however, to relieve the condition by careful treatment. Do not feed her much grain, especially if she is not working. Exercise her or let her run out at least part of every day. Give her twice a day one drachm of iodide of potassium, dissolved in a little water, and added to her food or drink. In addition to this general treatment it will help greatly to give local treatment to the hind legs, hand rubbing them frequently, and if swelling is persistent, hot water bathing followed by rubbing in some liniment of camphor, especially over the large lymphatic vessels on the inside of the thigh.

Wound of the Hock.

Coachman, Rounthwaite, Man.: "A spring colt was found with cut an inch long on the inside of hock immediately below the joint. Leg swelled considerably above and below. By probing a puncture three-quarters of an inch deep was found, from which, after a day or so, a discharge of yellowish matter proceeded. Rubbing by hand, bathing with warm water, and syringing with a solution of carbolic acid has been carried on for ten days. The swelling is now reduced, except around the inside of the joint. A slight discharge continues, especially after a pressure of the hand. There does not seem to be any pain, and little, if any, stiffness. The colt is thriving. I will be pleased to have your opinion and advice."

Answer.—Probably the wound will be entirely healed by the time you read this, as the treatment you are carrying out should heal up a simple punctured wound. If, however, it is still discharging, it is likely that the wound was caused by a stick of wood, and that a splinter is still imbedded deep in the tissues. Such a splinter will keep up a discharge until it is removed, and a veterinary surgeon should be called in to operate and remove it.

Lampas—Lameness, Etc.

Inquisitiveness, Gleich, Alta.: "1. I have always thought that 'lampers' troubled young horses only, but I have an aged horse which is at least twelve years old and which has something wrong with the roof of his mouth, just behind the front teeth, that to all appearances is the lampers, and affects him in much the same manner. His teeth are badly worn down. He will hardly eat hay at all. What is it, and what can be done for him?"

"2. Saddle horse is lame in shoulder. Caused by one day's hard riding and carrying considerable pack, which was divided in front and back of saddle. Turned him out for two months, so that he became well except a slight stiffness in the limb. The first time he was worked again was to cut out a wild steer from the herd and while running he fell and became very lame again, the same leg swelling from the knee upwards, but the soreness was confined to the shoulder. Since then there has been a gradual swelling coming on point of shoulder, which is now the size of a hen's egg flattened, but is not sore to him. He is, however, quite lame in the shoulder. Please prescribe."

"3. Milch cow's teat became almost closed up by a small hard lump and was very sore. That quarter of the udder gradually hardened until only a few teaspoonfuls of lumpy milk could be extracted. Rubbed well with electric oil. It is get-

DR. WARNOCK'S

ULCERKURE THE MODERN HEALING WONDER FOR

BARB-WIRE CUTS.

We received the following letter on Oct. 18 last—

Prairie Home Stock Farm,
Crystal City, Oct. 12, 1899.

WESTERN VETERINARY CO.,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs,—We have used S. Warnock's Ulcerkure in our horsestable this summer, and would not now be without it. It is the only preparation we have used which would heal up sore shoulders while the horses were working hard.

Yours truly, (Signed) JAS. YULE.

Ulcerkure will heal the worse forms of Scratches, Burns and Frost-bites. Good also for human Flesh. Large bottles, \$1.

BRANDON PUMP WORKS.



NOW IS THE TIME

to get your Pump repaired before the cold weather. Why wait till everything is covered with snow and ice, when you can get it done so much cheaper and better now.

We keep a supply of all kinds of Pump repairs; also a full stock of both Wood and Iron Pumps.

Our prices are the lowest. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Agent for Myers' Brass lined, Cylinder Pumps.

Address— H. CATER, BRANDON, MAN.

SPECIALTIES FOR LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber and Metal goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us, and we will quote you prices. All correspondence confidential. Send 2c. stamp for Circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P.O. Box 1142, MONTREAL

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Mail Orders promptly executed.

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ting better again except that it gives a smaller quantity of milk. Six weeks previous to this the teat was cut pretty deep with barb wire, but readily healed over. What should have been done? Will it be likely to affect her again in the future and is the milk quite wholesome now?"

Answer.—Lampas is usually confined to young horses, but old ones occasionally show a condition greatly resembling it. In old, horses, however, the part becomes swollen without the tenderness which accompanies the swelling in young horses. In both young and old the appearance of lampas should lead to treatment, not of the swollen roof of the mouth by lancing, pricking with a nail, or even by burning with a hot iron, but by intelligently examining the mouth and getting the teeth in good order. In young horses lampas is produced by congestion of the buccal membrane in sympathy with the irritation of cutting new teeth, and in old horses from dental irritation of a different kind, arising from sharp corners on the teeth, or possibly from broken or carious teeth. In both young and old the lampas will disappear when the producing cause is removed.

2. Your saddle horse seems to have strained the tendons of his biceps where it passes over the point of the shoulder. Rest and repeated blisterings will be the best means of treatment. Clip off the hair from a space six inches in diameter over the point of the shoulder and rub in for ten minutes the following blister:—Powdered cantharides, two drachms; lard, ten drachms. Tie the head short so that he can't get his mouth to the part, and after twenty-four hours wash it off and smear the part with lard. Repeat the blister as soon as the skin recovers from the effects of the first one, usually in eight or ten days.

3. The lump in the teat should have been incised by a concealed bistoury, or "teat knife," and the opening kept from closing again by daily passing a silver tube into the teat. If the growth is permanent the same trouble will recur when she is fresh in milk again. The milk is probably wholesome, but a positive opinion on this point is impossible without examining it.

What is Done With By-Products of Meat Packers.

The great Chicago packing houses get a great deal more money for the by-products incidental to the killing of a steer than the meat sells for. On the average the meat and its compounds bring \$40, while the by-products bring in at wholesale \$55. The latter sum is roughly made up as follows: Hide, horns, hoofs, and hair, \$25; fats, blood, sinews, and bones, \$15; miscellaneous and other wastes, \$15.

It is only in the large and well-appointed slaughter house that the full value of the animals dealt with can be realized, and there become factories for a great many products, besides finding the proper and most profitable markets for each of the raw products into which they separate the animals. Nothing is allowed to go to waste, and ten years ago one of the largest butchers in the city declared that the Chicago packers were paying the entire cost of slaughtering cattle out of what the butchers here were paying to have carted away. Horns, hides, hoofs, and hair have had their markets for many years and their value increases steadily. This is particularly true of horns, for the practice of dehorning cattle has become so general that in one great Chicago packing house it was found during a two-year count that the returns only showed one horn to every three bul-

locks. Horns are now worth about \$150 a ton. The hides go to the tanner, the hair for mixing in mortar. The tails don't go with the hides. Down at the tip is some long hair, and this is said to be turned into curled hair for upholstering.

If the hoofs are pure white they have a peculiar value. They are sent to China for jewelry making. Those which are striped, black or damaged, go into the kettle to be boiled for glue, and the residue made into hoof meat, a valuable fertilizer. In fact, everything which is not used for other purposes is at last turned into some form of fertilizer, even to the tankage water in which the coarsest of the refuse is boiled to extract its fats. The coarse bones are either carbonized and sold for sugar refiners' use or turned into fertilizers, and the blood is mostly dried and turned into another aid to agriculture. Some of the blood is sold in liquid form to sugar refiners, but not a great deal. The white bones, suitable for knife handles and such purposes, bring from \$70 to \$90 a ton, and go mostly to Germany.

The main parts of the animal as they are sent to market are all carefully trimmed, but there is no piece of good meat but has its market. Tongues and tails are regular articles of commerce, and even the meat from the cheeks is added to the supply for sausages, and the lips are cut off and pickled. Each character of fat is separated from the others, and finally these are marketed in the various forms of neat's-foot-oil, oleo oil, tallow and stearine, and oleomargarine. Before the horns are sold the pith is extracted from them, and the finest grade of gelatine is obtained from the pith.

The sinews are all separated to be used for glue stock, the bladders are sold for holding snuff, and the greater part of the intestines are used for sausage casings. Parts of these, have, however, a special use and value, and are sold to be made into goldbeaters' skins. The lining of the windpipe is also of particular value, being used for a fancy sausage casing, and also as a lining for pipes through which beer is passed in breweries. Beef extract, pep-sine and many other things are made in some of the biggest houses.


A new use has recently been discovered for the contents of the paunch, which until lately had to be thrown away. It has been discovered that a good quality cardboard can be made of it, and it is now being saved for that purpose. Of course, the large receipts from these by-products are not all profit, but there is a manufacturer's profit made out of each one of them which aggregates a handsome sum, and all of this helps, says the Retail Butchers' Review, from which we quote, to keep down the price of fresh meats to the consumer.

Wide and Narrow Tires.

The following test as reported by the Michigan station shows a comparison of wide and narrow tires on wagons and also the importance of sufficient use of axle grease. "On good roads the drafts of wide and narrow-tired wagons were about equal; on plowed land a narrow-tired wagon pulled 45 per cent. harder than one with wide tires; on a road with sand two inches deep, 25 per cent. harder, and on sod, 10 per cent. harder. A wagon not greased pulled 18 per cent. harder than when greased."

At least one good agricultural paper should be in every farmer's home. It is the reading and thinking farmers who are making a success of their business in these days of progress and competition. The Nor'-West Farmer fills the bill for farmers in Western Canada.

FLEMING'S
LUMP JAW CURE



LUMP JAW

QUICKLY CURED.

A case of lump jaw in your herd means immediate loss; it may mean the infection of the rest of your herd; it may result in the distribution of the germs all over your pastures. All loss and danger can be positively averted by prompt use of

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

The only radical cure known. Is endorsed by the most prominent ranchers and shippers of the continent. Easy to use. Is applied externally. One to three applications cure. Leaves jaw sound and smooth. Cannot harm in any way. One bottle usually cures two or three ordinary or one severe case. Price \$2.00. Sold by druggists. Can be sent anywhere by mail.

Money cheerfully refunded if the remedy ever fails.

FREE.—Some important reports and an illustrated treatise on Lump Jaw. Write for them.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
St. George, Ont.

LITTLE'S
PATENT FLUID
NON-POISONOUS
SHEEP DIP
AND CATTLE WASH

The Original Non-Poisonous Fluid Dip

Still the Favorite Dip, as proved by the testimony of our Minister of Agriculture and other large Breeders.

FOR SHEEP.

Kills Ticks, Maggots; Cures Scabs, Heals Old Sores, Wounds, etc., and greatly increases and improves growth of Wool.

CATTLE, HORSES, PIGS, Etc.

Cleanses the skin from all Insects, and makes the coat beautifully soft and glossy.

Prevents the attack of Warble Fly.

Heals Saddle Galls, Sore Shoulders, Ulcers, etc. Keeps Animals Free from Infection.

NO DANGER, SAFE, CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Sold in large tins at 75 Cents. Sufficient in each to make from 25 to 40 gallons of wash, according to strength required. Special terms to Breeders, Ranchmen, and others requiring large quantities.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
SEND FOR PAMPHLET.

ROBERT WIGHTMAN, Druggist, Owen Sound.

Sole Agent for the Dominion. 1874

WANTED RELIABLE MEN

Good honest men in every locality, local or travelling, to introduce and advertise our goods tacking up show-cards on fences, along public roads and all conspicuous places. No experience needful. Salary or commission \$60 per month and expenses \$2.50 per day. Write at once for full particulars.

THE EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., London, Ont.

When writing advertisers, mention The Farmer.



Manitoba Dairy School.

The new dairy commissioner has given out the dates for the opening of the Dairy School. It is his intention to devote more time to the Home Dairy Course, and try to encourage more young men and women from the farm homes to take advantage of the opportunities offered by this course to get a practical training in butter making. With this object in view three courses or terms for home dairy work have been arranged for as follows:

1. Beginning Jan. 8 and closing Feb. 3.
2. Beginning Feb. 5 and closing Mar. 3.
3. Beginning Mar. 5 and closing Mar. 31.

Students can take one course after the other if they wish. Everything will be done to make the course as popular and as helpful as possible.

The butter makers' and cheese makers' course, or what may be called the professional course, will begin on the 5th of February and continue until the last of March. Students taking the home dairy course during January can take the professional course if they desire to do so.

To make the school more popular and that parents may have more confidence in sending their daughters to the school, the dairy commissioner will look up good boarding houses so that respectable and comfortable quarters can be recommended to students on their arrival at the school.

While it is desirable to have each class begin at the beginning of a course the instructors will endeavor to accommodate all students, no matter what time they come, the object being to make the course as helpful as possible.

Resignation of C. C. Macdonald.

It is with regret that The Farmer learns that C. C. Macdonald has resigned his position as dairy commissioner to take up the work of inspecting the agencies of the R. A. Lister Co. throughout Manitoba and the Territories. For some four and one-half years Mr. Macdonald has labored to place the dairy industry of Manitoba on a sound and successful basis. He has done a lot of hard up-hill work and it seems too bad that he is not to enjoy the full fruits of his labors. His numerous friends will be pleased to know, however, that he is still to be identified with the dairy industry and may still be able to help forward the good work. He will spend considerable of his time among the local agents of the Lister Co., and in instructing customers in the use of their cream separators and in showing them how to make good butter. The Farmer wishes Mr. Macdonald every success in his new sphere of labor.

No Withdrawal.

A rumor having gone abroad that the Dominion Government would drop its connection with the Northwestern creameries this fall, J. W. Mitchell, their western superintendent, writes to say the Government has no such intention. When they took hold of these creameries in 1897 they only undertook to run them for three seasons, but as their withdrawal now

might prove injurious the work will be carried on as usual till these creameries are so firmly established that they can with safety be left to local administration.

Our New Dairy Commissioner.

The Government has been prompt in appointing a successor to C. C. Macdonald as dairy commissioner. It is, therefore, with pleasure that The Farmer presents its readers with the accompanying photo of the new appointee, C. A. Murray. He is a son of James Murray, Track Inspector of the western division of the C.P.R. He was born in Bloomington, Ill., in 1872, and obtained his early education in the public schools at Streator and Joliet, Ill. He entered Purdue University in 1886 and left in the spring of 1890 to accept a situation as draughtsman and designer with D. L. Barnes & Co., of Chicago. After the death of Mr. Barnes he accepted a position with A. H. Abbott, architect, and worked upon the designs of creameries. January 1st, 1891, he became the chief draughtsman in the water supply and fire protection department at the World's Fair, and in June of 1891 was appointed inspector of water-pipes and sewers, and remained there until November, 1892. He was



C. A. Murray,

New Dairy Commissioner for Manitoba.

then employed as superintendent by T. C. Brooks & Co., contractors, of Jackson, Mich., and constructed a large portion of the Waukesha Mineral Springs Co.'s pipe line to the World's Fair. April, 1893, saw this work finished and then he held the position of Supt. of Waukesha Hygeia Mineral Spring Co. at the World's Fair until its close. He was then employed for a short time as draughtsman by the Crane Manufacturing Co., of Chicago. From the spring of 1894 until the spring of 1896 he was employed by Hastings & Pressprich, of Chicago, builders and promoters of creameries, as a designer and builder.

Through 1896, and in 1897, until the fall he was employed by the Elgin Creamery Co. in various capacities from butter-making to building creameries, and securing patrons for them. After leaving the Elgin Creamery Co. he was again with Hastings & Pressprich, until early in 1898, when he started to promote and build creameries himself until March of 1899. Since then he has been doing special work in cheese and butter making at Madison, Wis., Ames, Iowa, and at Guelph, Ont. Besides attending at each of these leading dairy schools he has visited those in Michigan and Minnesota. The Farmer wishes Mr. Murray every success in his new work. He is taking hold of it with vigor, as the announcement of the Dairy School will show.

The Cow at College.

Commenting on the experiments on scrub cows reported by the Kansas Experiment Station, the English Rural World says: "The agricultural college of that state has a department devoted to the higher education of the cow. It is the only department of the kind in the world. A mongrel cow can become a thoroughbred if she follows the course of instruction, it is asserted! The curriculum consists of a series of lessons in diet, and the cow professor is authority for the statement that the department has been a success. When a cow has finished her course she is worth more to her owner by 33 1-19 per cent. than when she entered as a scrub. In some way which the college head does not explain to the public, when the cow is in her first lessons her appetite for maize and such indigestible food used by common kine diminishes until it ceases to be. She has been taught the value of bran mash and cracked wheat pudding, has acquired an expensive appetite for oatmeal gruel and a tidy discrimination in the matter of hay. On the other hand, she yields twice as much milk as formerly, and it is one-third richer in butter fat. The scientist has established his point, and now he proclaims to the world that the poetic, mild-eyed, landscape enlivening cow is, like the old-fashioned woman, to become a thing of the past. She is to be educated like her human sister; she is to be lifted up from her position which the ignorance of man has kept her in for centuries, and in the future will be somebody."

Do Your Cows Yield a Profit?

The Wisconsin Experiment Station has recently given another good example of the value of keeping an individual record of the product of each cow in the herd. The herds of six patrons of the dairy school creamery were selected for the experiment because no previous record had been kept of the individual cows. The weight and quality of the milk from each cow was ascertained for the entire year.

On one farm they found 12 cows which gave all together a profit of \$75, but \$50 of that was from three cows, while the other nine gave but \$25. Of these nine three did not produce enough to pay for their feed. On another farm 12 cows gave a profit of \$228, but six of them gave 60 per cent. of the profit, and the other six only 40 per cent., and the best cow gave \$31 worth over cost of her keeping, while the poorest only gave \$8 worth more than it cost to feed her. In another case it was found that one cow gave 100 lbs. of milk more than another, but the Babcock test showed that it was not worth as much by \$13 at the butter factory.

These are the points that are brought out by the use of the scale and the Babcock test, and they are what are educating the dairymen so that they can make their business profitable.

Do you know which are your best cows and whether all your cows yield you a profit? Shouldn't you?

Birtle creamery closed with about 35,000 lbs. to its credit.

Yorkton creamery has closed, having made about 20,000 pounds of butter. The last sale realized 22 cents free on board.

The Tindastoll, Alta., Butter & Cheese Manufacturing Association has been incorporated under the dairy ordinance of the N.W.T.

A Business Cow.

Her powers of service will be indicated by certain external points. She should have a large, long udder, of elastic, fine quality; a mellow, movable skin covered with soft, silky hair; a long, large barrel, hooped with flat ribs, broad and wide apart; a broad loin, spreading out into broad, long hind quarters; an open twist, with rather thin hips, and a lean neck of symmetrical length, carrying a clean cut, fine face, with prominent eyes. A cow with these points has ability to serve a man if she gets a fair chance. That her calves may have powers equal to or rather better than her own, care should be exercised in their breeding. The best blood of the breed adapted to the farmer's purpose should be used to enlarge, and not to lessen, the working capacity to be transmitted to her calves.---Professor Robertson.

A New Milking Machine.

Milking the cows is the greatest drawback to extensive dairying. The milking machines invented so far, while they seem to do good work, are expensive and have therefore been slow of introduction. The day may not be so far distant when they may be more general, for new machines are coming on to the market, and in one of them we may find the right thing. The latest claimant for honors is one invented by a German and meeting with success in Denmark, Russia, and Switzerland. It works somewhat differently from those in use in the British Isles. The following is a description of it:--

An iron pipe about one inch in diameter is conducted through the stable, and is fixed at the ceiling so that it remains about three feet above the back of the animals. Flexible shafts, provided with small cocks, run from this pipe to a cylindrical milk collector, which again is held by a belt laid around the back of the cows. At one side there is attached a small flexible hose divided into four small arms, all provided with small cocks, and which are connected with the udder.

The first mentioned iron pipe, running all through the stable, is connected with a large cylinder fixed at the ceiling, from which a perpendicular tube runs down into a vessel filled with water. By means of a small hand pump the air is compressed in the cylinder, and thus through the whole pipes.

The water when rising regulates the pressure in the pipes. It needs only a few movements of the pump's piston to compress the air throughout the whole system. The only thing to be done then is to open the small cocks of the pipes connected with the udder, and the milk flows into the above described milk-collecting vessel.

By this apparatus a large number of cows can be milked in a few minutes. The whole process, from the beginning to the end, does not require more than eight minutes.

The Brandon creamery made up to the 1st of November 55,500 lbs. of butter, and efforts are being made to keep it running through the winter.

The idea that one must be supplied with all the modern machinery for making butter before good butter can be made is erroneous. Modern appliances merely lighten labor and do the work more economically.

The odors of the cellar will taint the milk. Therefore see that the cellar is thoroughly cleaned out, the walls, ceiling and floor whitewashed. Roots, vegetables, etc., should not be kept in the same room with milk, consequently a cellar is generally a very poor place in which to keep milk, unless it is in a room specially prepared for milk.

Do your cows each give 6,000 lbs. of milk in the year? If they don't you can get cows that will. Probably your own cows would give that amount if you fed them a little more meal and hay. It remains with yourself whether you keep cows at a loss or a profit. Don't blame the cow though if the cows do not pay. You're the one to blame.

THE "NATIONAL" CREAM SEPARATOR.

FOR USE IN FARM DAIRIES.

The "National" is now for the first time offered to the farmers of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, hitherto the demand in Ontario has consumed the output, but by the addition of new machinery, we have more than doubled our manufacturing capacity, so as to meet the demands from the other provinces.

The "National" No. 1 is without exception the best hand power Cream Separator now offered to the public on this continent.

It is made of the best material, and by skilled workmen, with the aid of the most improved machinery.

It is simple in construction, attractive in style and finish, easy to run--so easy that a child from 10 to 12 years of age can operate it.

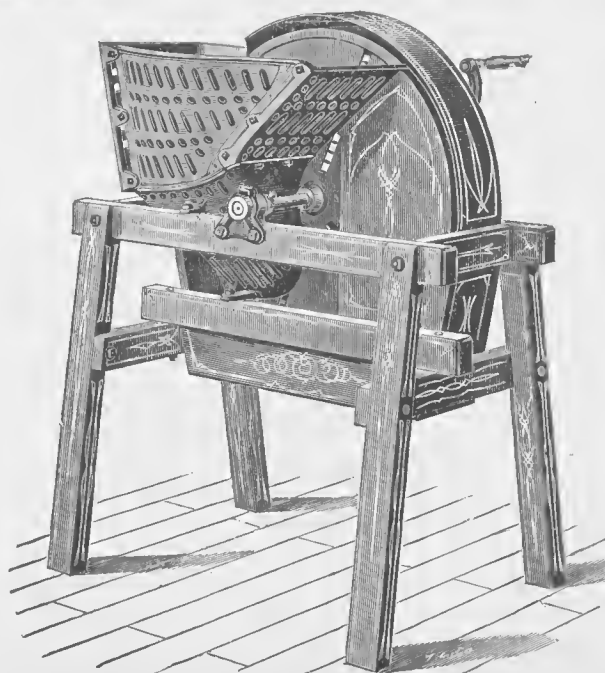
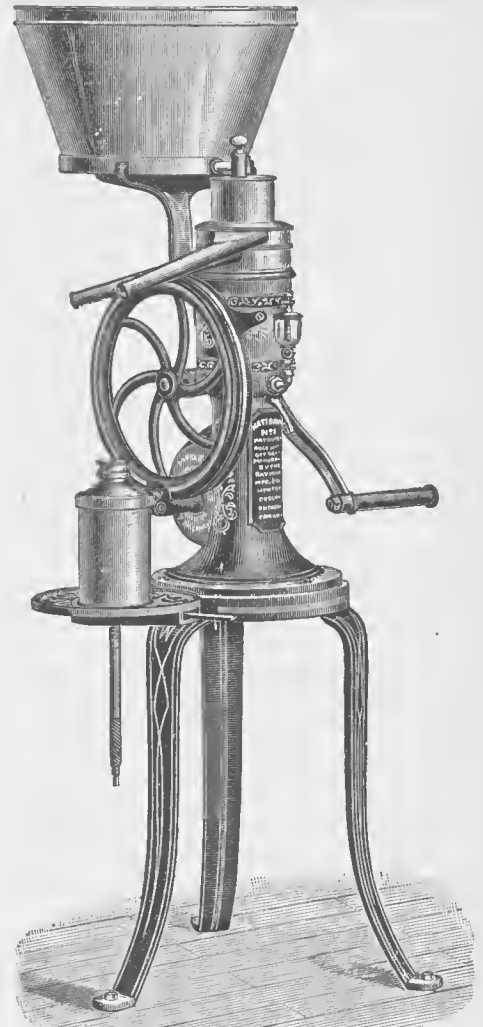
It is very easy to clean, on account of the simplicity of its skimming device, and has no equal as a skimmer.

A trial of this machine will prove true all that we claim for it. Try the "National" before purchasing, and you will save money.

...For further particulars
enquire of the manufacturers,

**THE RAYMOND
MFG. CO. OF
GUELPH,
LIMITED,
Guelph, Ont.**

"NATIONAL" No 1.--SKIMS FROM 330 TO 350 LBS. PER HOUR



THE NEW ROOT CUTTER PULPER AND SLICER
COMBINED.

THE
Noxon
CO., Ltd.
INGERSOLL, ONT.

Also
Manufacturers
of

**BINDERS,
MOWERS,
RAKES.**

**HOOSIER
GRAIN DRILLS.
CULTIVATORS.
SPIKE TOOTH,
SPRING TOOTH
AND
DISK HARROWS.**

Post Card brings
Illustrated Catalogue.

The Progress of Oleomargarine.

The dairymen of the U.S. are putting up a great fight against this peculiar form of sham butter, but with far from encouraging results if we may judge by the expansion of the oleo business. For the year ended June 30, 1899, the fourteen factories of the United States made a total of 87,800,000 pounds of oleomargarine, compared with 57,516,136 pounds the year previous and 45,531,207 pounds the year ending June 30, 1897.

The internal revenue returns show that this year there is bound to be an extensive addition to last year's production. The issue for the year of licenses to retail oleo by the Chicago internal revenue office was 847. A year ago there were 479 licenses issued in July and two years ago 123.

Prosecution by individual states of the sellers of this product are being carried on all the time, but the oleo men have long purses and keep up a stout fight in the law courts. At present, by authority of the State of Missouri, every oleomargarine agent in St. Louis is under arrest and trials will follow. The constitutional question will come up as to whether agents representing oleo factories in foreign states can ship oleomargarine in the original package into Missouri and sell it, and as this question has never been settled the outcome of the trials is awaited with interest. It is possible that the United States Supreme Court will be called on to settle the question.

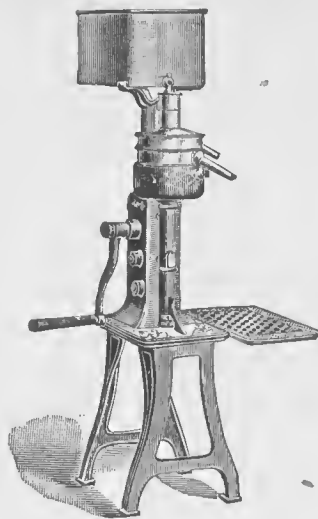
How "Clotted Cream" is Made.

To the south of England belongs the credit of having given to the world the famous Devonshire clotted cream. This preparation is, in the opinion of many people, one of the choicest products yet derived from milk. An expert in its manufacture gives the subjoined details regarding its preparation:—

The evening milk, yielding the richest cream, should, as far as possible, be used for the purpose. In warm weather it should stand twelve hours, and in cold weather twenty-four hours, before being scalded. When milked, it is usually poured into large open milk pans of the old-fashioned type, holding about two gallons each. Having stood the proper time, each pan is placed in a vessel containing boiling water over a brisk fire, and when small air bubbles begin to rise at the sides of the pan it should be removed immediately. When taken off the fire it is set to cool, still in the pans, and when cool the cream is removed by means of an ordinary perforated skimmer. One gallon of new milk should produce about a pint of clotted cream, assuming the milk to be of good quality, rich in butter fat. The butter made of clotted cream is somewhat pale in color, but usually of firm texture and the finest quality, comparing most favorably with that made where the separator is used, or the old, simple skimming without scalding process still adhered to.

The selection of a good profitable dairy cow is more a question of individual merit than it is one of breed merit. Good cows are found in every breed, and even among our so-called scrub cows there are many of them which if given the feed and treatment they deserve would prove most uncommonly good cows. Remember, "feed is half of breed." Therefore feed your cows well this winter so that they will be ready for spring work with their full vigor.

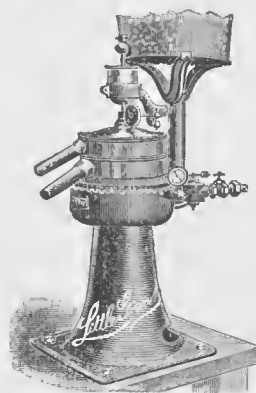
The Man with 20 Cows



The advantages of the use of the machines here illustrated are so great that with our

SHARPLES SAFETY HAND SEPARATOR

(Capacity 300 and 600 lbs. per hour) and 20 cows a man can make more and better butter than he can make from 25 cows in any other way. The advantages are obvious:—They embrace the saving of the feed and care of the extra five cows, the saving of the money invested in them and the interest on the same. Then there is the added advantage of having the skim milk from your own cows, free from any tubercular or other disease germs, fresh and sweet to feed to your calves, pigs, etc. Other advantages are found in the fact that you get absolutely all the butter fat that can be gotten from the milk in any way, and the cream is more even and churnable. That means that you recover all of the butter in the act of churning. Then the quality of the butter is so greatly improved that you get always the top of market price. Should you have a larger herd, really the only Separator is a



SHARPLES LITTLE GIANT SEPARATOR

It is a power machine, with a capacity of 300 to 600 lbs. per hour, but does not require an engine to run it. The simple introduction of a steam jet from an ordinary farm boiler supplies the necessary power. This is the Separator that is being so extensively used in the Moody-Sharples System of advanced farm dairy and creamery practice in Iowa, U.S.A. It is a remarkably close and even skimmer, and turns out the highest grade of smooth, velvety, churnable cream. All this means a greatly improved quality of butter, and correspondingly better price. When used as a dairy Separator it possesses all the advantages enumerated in the first part of this advertisement. When used in connection with the Moody-Sharples System, its advantages are practically innumerable—all embracing economy of management and increased net earnings. We have brought together the MOODY-SHARPLES SYSTEM facts, and published them in a neat booklet for mailing to interested parties. Write for a free copy.

THE SHARPLES CO.,
Canal and Washington Streets,
CHICAGO III.

{ ..Send for
Catalogue
No. 73. }

P. M. SHARPLES,
West Chester,
Pa., U.S.A.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

by investing in one of our Cream Separators. For durability, speed, ease of turning and good work they stand foremost among all the different kinds of Cream Separators on the market.

Dundurn, Assa., September 25th, 1899.

MESSRS. R. A. LISTER & Co., Ltd., Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs:—

The No. 1 Melotte Cream Separator I received from you this summer is giving me perfect satisfaction. I consider it the King of Separators. For clean skimming, ease of turning, and capacity, I am sure it has no equal. I would rather separate the milk of 30 cows with it than I would separate the milk of 20 cows of the same milk yield with any other Hand Separator I have seen. I have been using Cream Separators 6 years, and in that time I had 3 Separators, and none of them gave me satisfaction—and I have the so-called "best in the world" that cost me \$125 and \$7 freight, and I have the Hydrolactic, made at Portage la Prairie, and that is a perfect fraud.

Any party requiring a Cream Separator that will do clean, good work, and do it quick with little labor, I strongly recommend the Melotte, for a child 10 years old can turn it; and if there is a trial for superiority between the Melotte and any other Cream Separator in Canada, I will wager \$100 (one hundred dollars) the Melotte gets the red ticket.

Yours respectfully,
GEO. WILSON.

Dundurn, Assa.



R. A. LISTER & CO., Ltd.

Manufacturers of Dairy Machinery. Dealers in Dairy Supplies & Produce.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

232 King St., Winnipeg.

Agents wanted in all Districts where we are not already represented.

Live Stock Impounded, Lost, or Estray.

The following is a list of animals impounded, lost or estray since our November 6th issue:—

Impounded.

Carman, Man.—One steer calf, color red and white, about six months old, no brand visible. C. F. Jenkins.

Chickney, Assa.—One pony mare, two years, bay. Henry Dixon, n.w. 2-20-10w2.

Deloraine, Man.—One buckskin pony, about three years old, black mane, tail and legs. Henry Bros.

Deloraine, Man.—One grey mare, lame in left hind leg, aged about 9 years; one bay horse, aged about 8 years, white star on forehead, and white spot on nose. A. Lyn.

Edenwald, Assa.—One cow, about 5 years, red, red calf at side, horse shoe brand on left hip; one pony mare, about 7 years, dark bay, white face, B on right shoulder, left hind foot white; one heifer, 2 years, red, spot on belly, crooked horn; one pony mare, three years, buckskin, black mane and tail, white feet, tail cut, small rope on neck, BB on left shoulder; one horse, about three years, bay, white face, left hind foot white, W on right shoulder; one heifer, two years, red, spot on belly; one yearling heifer, red. Frank Miller, n.e. qr. 18, 19, 17w2.

Lorette, Man.—One cow, color red, indistinctly branded on right thigh. Jean L. Richard.

Marlborough, Assa.—One yearling filly, sorrel, white hind feet; one horse colt, dark brown, three white feet, stripe down face. J. G. Beesley, 22, 18, 27w2.

Moose Jaw, Assa.—One pony mare, aged, light roan, spot on left hip. George Sylvain, n.w. qr. 34, 18, 25w2.

Morris, Man.—One heifer, color red, white spot on forehead, white spot on flank, branded with straight stroke on left hip; one steer, color black and white, branded with straight stroke on left hip; one steer, color brindle, branded with straight stroke on left hip; all about 2 years old. Robert Turner.

Oxbow, Assa.—One pony mare, aged, bay, foal at side, JD on left shoulder, DC on right shoulder, stripe down face, black points, lame in left hind legs; one colt, sorrel, white hind legs, stripe down face. Edward Cronk, 12, 3, 3w2.

Portage la Prairie (Municipality).—One last spring's heifer calf, of black and white color, or brindle. J. W. Neelin, 34, 12, 7.

Regina, Assa.—One cow, red, left horn broken, BIX on left ribs. W. H. McElree, n.e. qr. 36, 18, 19w2.

Regina, Assa.—One mare, about 11 years, bay, 15½ hands, weighs about 1,100 lbs., combination FM on left hip, black mane and tail, hind feet white, stripe down face; filly colt, bay, stripe down face, left hind foot white; mare, about 9 years, dark grey, 15½ hands high, harness galls on back, light colored mane and tail, weighs about 1,100 lbs. D. H. Gillespie.

Union Point, Man.—One dark bay pony, 800 lbs., shod all round, off hind foot white, small star on forehead, two or three

marks on right side like burns, middle-aged, brown nose, gelding, looks like city pony, halter on. D. G. Lowe.

Lost.

Bagot, Man.—Three yearling calves, one a grey roan heifer, one a red steer and one a red steer with large star on forehead and with bob tail. Reward. G. Love, 22, 10, 9.

Fairhall, Man.—Two horses, one grey with white face, about 5 or six years old; one bay, about 8 or 9 years old, with large white star on face. Colin McIvor, 21, 4, 17.

Grenfell, Assa.—One roan pony mare, with foal at her side. C. Beck, 24, 17, 8.

Holland, Man.—One light red cow, about 4 years old, white stockings on hind legs, one broken horn, marked on left ear with label bearing owner's name. J. F. Pennington.

Indian Head, Assa.—Two horses, one dark bay, 4 years old, weight 1,200 lbs., branded S on left shoulder; the other bay, eighteen months old, branded M on left hip. A. Gourzee.

Millarville, Alta.—One bay yearling stallion, white stripe on face and docked tail. No visible brand. Will. Marshall, Bute Rancho.

Minnedosa, Man.—One bay horse colt, aged 18 months, no white on legs or feet, perhaps may have a few white hairs on forehead, ears inclined to point inward. A. Boyd, 32, 15, 17.

Qu'Appelle Stn., Assa.—One bay yearling horse, has white spot on nose, had a short rope on. Archdeacon Sargent.

Reston, Man.—One fat three-year-old heifer, dehorned. Reward. A. E. Smith.

Weyburn, Assa.—One dark brown mare, aged, weight 1,000 lbs. No marks except jack on right hind leg and no hair on jack. Geo. H. Brekenridge.

White Sand, Assa.—Small two-year-old steer, red, little white, frozen ears and tail, branded X on shoulder. H. F. Prockter.

Woodroyd, Man.—One yearling heifer, light red, with white stripe down the back, and some white on belly and legs. Mrs. Watts, 18, 15, 1e.

Woodroyd, Man.—One two-year-old steer, color red, with a little white on belly eight spring calves, four heifers and four steers. The calves have a tin tag, with name on, in the right ear. Jas. Cook, 30, 15, 1e.

Estray.

Battleford, Assa.—One horse, bay, 6M on right hip. C. M. Daunais, Indian Agent, Battleford.

Battleford, Sask.—One pony stallion, white face, legs and tail, unbranded, about 2 years old. S. Warden, Red Pheasant's Reserve.

Carberry, Man.—One red heifer calf, about 9 or 10 months old. Jos. Fear, s. hf. 25, 10, 15.

Carievale, Assa.—One horse, 7 years, brown, weight about 900 lbs., white on right hind foot, small star on forehead, circle T brand on left shoulder. George Sinclair, 11, 4, 32w1.

Clanwilliam, Man.—Two 2-year-old steers, one grey and the other brown. H.

Pedersen, 35, 16, 18.

Dalesboro, Assa.—One white steer, one red cow, one red heifer, two grey steers. Robert Hume, 12, 6, 2w2.

Dauphin, Man.—Two bulls, one aged, red and white, dehorned; one yearling, mostly red; also one steer, marked a half circle cut in left ear. John Dunfield.

Edmonton, Alta.—One colt, two-and-a-half years, dark bay, illegible brand on left shoulder, three white feet, stripe down face, weight about 900 lbs.; one mare, grey, black mane and tail, weighs about 1,100 lbs., lame in right fore foot. Apply at Bulletin Office.

Fleming, Assa.—Came to my premises, 12, 12, 30, on or about Sept. 25th, three calves. James Lemon.

Fleming, Assa.—One heifer calf, and one bull calf, spotted red and white. Geo. D. Cameron, nw qr. 14, 13, 3w2.

Fort Qu'Appelle, Assa.—One bull calf, red. G. F. Guernsey.

Grierson, Alta.—One gelding, about five years, bay, black mane and tail, one hind foot white. R. Maxwell, n.w. qr. 23, 21, 29w4.

Kaposvar, Assa.—One heifer, two years old, red, end of tail white, spot on forehead. John Fohor, 22, 19, 1w2.

Melbourne, Man.—One yearling heifer, color red. Hugh McDonald, 4, 11, 13.

Moose Jaw, Assa.—One mare, aged, pure white, wine glass on left hip, and left jaw, indistinct combination brand on left shoulder, heart with bar under on left hip. J. W. Fletcher, Buffalo Lake.

Mulock, Assa.—Two roan cows, branded H U 8, one red cow, branded F 7 U, two cows with calves; also one red and white cow and one red two year old steer branded J—C. E. Jacobs.

Olds, Alta.—One steer, three years, red and white, indistinct brand on left side, marked on left ear. Peter Jaffery.

Prince Albert, Sask.—One bull, dark red, spot on forehead, white between front legs, stripe on shoulders, stripe on left flank, two rings on horns. Robert Giles, s. w. 2 22-46-27w2.

Shellmouth, Man.—One yearling steer, red, small spot on forehead, white on left flank, white tip on tail. R. C. Patterson, 10, 22, 30w1.

Stuartburn, Man.—One two-year-old spotted steer. A. F. Waldman, 1, 3, 3e.

Swift Current Creek, Assa.—One grey mare, apparently unbranded. Walter Smith.

Theodore, Assa.—One red cow with white belly, white star on forehead, turned in horns with points turned up and indistinct brand on right ribs. James Skea.

Valley, Assa.—One pony colt, aged about nine months, sorrel, white face, white patch on hind legs. Ralph R. Black, 18, 13, 32w1.

White Sand, Assa.—One bull, one year, red with few white spots, white on end of tail. James Carson.

Wolseley, Assa.—One steer, about 4 years old, red, with spots on side and under body, and horns sawed off. John Bieber, 27, 16, 10.

Yorkton, Assa.—Five calves, four steers and one heifer, one steer white, three steers red, heifer red; in poor condition. N. Ekstrom, 12, 27, 6w2.

The Nor'-West Farmer,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs,

I may say that through the Nor'-West Farmer 'Estray' column, I found a cow that got away from me in April and got her home last week. She was at Hector Paisley's, at Bagot, and the probabilities are that I never would have got her had it not been for your paper.

Yours truly,

HY. BYERS.

Macgregor, Nov. 17th, 1899.



Pullets vs. Old Hens.

In his evidence before the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons, A. G. Gilbert, Poultry Manager of the Central Experiment Farm, gave some interesting figures about a test he had made with hens of various ages. His object was to find out which were the best layers, pullets, yearling or other hens. To make the test more complete pens of different breeds were made up, and full particulars are given in the following table, which gives the record of the eggs laid each month for six months:—

Eggs laid in six months by old hens, yearling hens and pullets:

Number.		December.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	Total for six months.	Remarks.
	PULLETS.								
8	White Leghorns . . .	41	106	80	84	95	119	558	Hatched June 11.
8	Black Minorcas . . .	25	39	102	77	91	94	428	" May 9 and 26.
8	Langshans	4	35	42	55	62	100	298	" May 15 and 16, and some later.
8	Barred P. Rocks . .	91	119	83	131	116	103	648	" April 30 and May 24.
8	White "	23	106	101	117	105	74	526	" April 25 and May 9.
8	Brown Leghorns . .	18	81	77	104	87	114	481	" May 17.
48		202	488	500	568	559	604	2919	
	HENS—2 yrs. & over.								
13	White Leghorns . .	40	50	32	91	130	160	503	
7	Black Minorcas . .	49	40	47	84	96	120	436	
9	Barred P. Rocks . .	54	63	58	109	114	91	489	
10	Colored Dorkings . .	76	46	65	48	51	28	312	
8	White P. Rocks . . .	15	18	45	77	80	89	324	
47		234	217	247	409	471	486	2064	
	HENS—1 yr. old.								
11	White Leghorns . .	83	88	83	106	131	115	556	
11	Barred P. Rocks . .	72	49	72	135	111	83	522	
22		155	87	155	241	242	198	1078	

Speaking of the production of eggs by different breeds, in a given period, he says:

The result of the laying during the three months of the highest prices is as follows:—The eight White Leghorns laid 237 eggs; the eight Black Minorcas, 166; the eight Langshans, 81 eggs; the eight Barred Plymouth Rocks, 298 eggs; the eight White Plymouth Rocks, 232 eggs; and the eight Brown Leghorns, 176 eggs: a total for the forty-eight pullets of 1,188 eggs. One point I wish to draw attention to is this, that during the period mentioned frequently the eight Leghorns, the eight Barred Plymouth Rocks, and the eight White Plymouth Rocks laid sometimes five and six eggs per day. That is very good laying during the mid-winter season. We contend that fifty per cent. of eggs in winter, when the prices are high, is as much as we can count on. But here, by proper food, care and housing we had frequently five eggs a day, on some days six, and on several days seven eggs from eight pullets, which is remarkably good laying.

GOOD LAYERS.

Turning to the table, there are certain deductions from these experiments that I think worthy of putting on record, in order that they should go to the farmers throughout the country from the committee. The early hatched Barred Plymouth Rocks laid most eggs when prices were highest, showing the benefit of having the

pullets out early. The forty-eight pullets laid during the six months 855 more eggs than forty-seven hens two years old and over, but the eggs laid by the hens were larger than those from the pullets, as shown by the eggs I have here with me. (Samples produced.)

For example, here is the egg of an Andalusian hen and here is the pullet's egg. There is an impression abroad, and that impression is perhaps warranted so long as eggs are not sold by weight, that it does not matter what the size of the eggs are so long as we get them in numbers. But I have always contended that the eggs of the older hens, although smaller in number, are larger in size and the specimens I have with me show that I am right. There is a considerable difference between these two eggs, as you see. The Andalusian hens are excellent layers.

Q.—Have you weighed a dozen of each of these?

A.—I have. Andalusian eggs sometimes give six to the pound and at most times seven to the pound.

Q.—Pullets, what do their eggs run?

A.—About nine to the pound.

Q.—Were the conditions the same as to feed, care and treatment?

A.—They were. Here is the egg of the Leghorn hen and the Leghorn pullet. There is a marked difference. The difference perhaps is not quite so marked in the case of the Barred Plymouth Rock hen and pullet. There is this point to remember, that the longer a hen lays in winter the smaller the egg is at the end of the season. These eggs were taken yesterday from our egg rack. The egg of the Plymouth Rock hen is not exactly as large as the egg would be at the commencement of the winter laying, say in November or December.

Q.—Does the color of the egg make any difference.

A.—There is a preference for the dark egg in some localities, I may say in most localities.

Q.—Is it not a fact that in England the brown egg is preferred?

A.—Yes, in the London market. In the Boston the brown eggs will fetch two cents a dozen more. If you notice there is a great difference in the size of the eggs and when eggs are sold by weight, which I hope will soon be the case, it will be of importance to have large eggs.

Q.—Do you think the large egg has as good flavor as the smaller one?

A.—A good deal depends on how the hens are fed. I have heard that there is



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Address—S. WISE, 759 Elgin Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

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Have still a few fine young Cockerels for sale. Prices up to 15th of Oct. \$1 and \$1.50 each. Also a yearling, and 2-year old cock, past seasons breeders. No more females for sale.

W. A. PETTIT,
Acme Poultry Yards, Boyd Ave., Winnipeg.

B. P. ROCKS I have a fine lot of young stock and all this year's breeders for sale cheap.
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I have a fine lot of Geese, both sex, and a grand lot Barred Rock Cockerels; also few choice W. Wyandottes Cockerels.—JOHN Kitson, Macdonald.

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a difference in flavor and in the quality of the egg, but I have come to the conclusion, from a long experience, that a great deal depends upon the rations upon which the hens are fed.

Q.—If they are fed upon the same food you think the flavor will be the same?

A.—I think so, in most cases.

To return to our comparison between the laying of old hens and pullets we have another deduction, viz., eight Barred Plymouth Rock pullets laid 361 eggs more than ten Barred and eight White Plymouth two-year-old hens. From twenty-four pullets of the Spanish family, namely, eight White Leghorns, eight Black Minorcas and eight Brown Leghorns, the production was greater by 508 eggs than from twenty old Leghorn and Minorca hens of the same family during the same period. But the eggs of the hens were much larger. The eggs of the Brown Leghorns were very small. There was very little difference in the number of eggs laid by the yearlings and the two-year-old hens of the White Leghorns and Barred Plymouth Rock.

Seven three-year-old Black Minorca hens laid seventy-five more eggs than eight pullets of the same breed, showing that there is some reason for the contention that hens of the Spanish family are good layers for three years at least.

Barred Plymouth Rocks were the earliest layers, they also showed the quickest development and laid the most eggs. The first pullet to lay was a Barred Plymouth Rock on the 7th of November, 1898. This pullet was hatched in April.

Charcoal for Fattening Turkeys.

Where turkeys are confined in a pen during fattening it is found that they will make a more rapid gain if they have access to a plentiful supply of broken charcoal. The following is an account of an experiment in which charcoal was fed:—Four turkeys were confined in a pen and fed on meal, boiled potatoes, and oats. Four others of the same brood were at the same time fed in another pen, and fed daily on the same article, but with one pint of very finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their food—mixed meal and potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of charcoal (broken) in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day and there was a difference of one and one-half pounds each in favor of the fowls that had been supplied with charcoal, they being much the fatter, and the meat being much superior in point of tenderness and flavor.

It is a well known fact that pigs are very fond of charcoal, especially while fattening, and experiment has shown that they make more rapid gains if they have access to it. Why not turkeys and chickens also? Try it.

The Toronto Poultry Association intend holding a big show in December.

The Eastern Ontario Poultry Association will hold their annual exhibition in Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 23-26, 1900.

The hen house should be kept clean—and successful poultry raisers know what clean means.

Have you had the poultry house cleaned out, whitewashed, and all the openings closed up so that it is warm and wind proof? If not it is time it was done?

T. F. Jager, secretary of the Water Fowl Club of America, announces that he has a new breed of ducks. He calls them the Blue Swedish duck and says that they originated in the extreme northern part of Europe.

One poultryman says that the best remedy for sickness among chickens is to

cut off their tails just behind their combs. It is a good plan; it does not pay to doctor very much with sick fowl. Besides if the sickness should be of a contagious character the sooner the sick ones are out of the way the better for the rest.

Wet, cold, windy weather is the time to look out for roup among the hens. If it breaks out now it may hang around all winter. It is contagious and may cause the loss of a large number of hens. One of the best remedies for it is air-slaked lime. Slack the stone-lime in the ordinary way and add to it crude carbolic acid—one pint to a bushel of the slaked lime. Sprinkling this lime over the floor of the hen house, droppings roots, etc., twice a week will do much to kill the germs of the disease.

If you suspect roup among your hens go into the henhouse quietly at night and listen to the breathing of the hens. Hoarse breathing is indicative of colds and if accompanied by a discharge from the nostrils with a foul odor is very apt to be roup. A pinch of chlorate of potash sprinkled down the throat of the sick fowl will do good, but if it doesn't get better in a day or two cut off its head and burn or bury the body. Roup is contagious and sick fowls should be isolated at once, and air-slaked lime and carbolic acid used frequently on the floor and droppings.

Two hundred and seventy-five chickens put up to fatten at Summerside, P.E.I., fattening station, have done exceedingly well and are a remarkably fine lot. They have been killed by the neck stretching process, plucked while warm and carefully packed according to the demands of the English market. They have been shipped in cold storage from Charlottetown to Liverpool. Those fattened at the Charlottetown station have also done well and will go to Liverpool with the others. The chickens at the fattening station in Sussex, N.B., are also doing well and many poultrymen in the neighborhood have visited the station, seen how things were conducted, then gone home and have done likewise.

At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Manitoba Poultry Association the report of auditors appointed to audit the books for 1897-8 was received and adopted. The question of obtaining a charter was thoroughly discussed and a committee appointed to interview the Minister of Agriculture re the same and report at the next executive meeting, which will be held on December 11th, in Winnipeg. Directors will also attend this meeting as arrangements will be made then as to when the annual exhibition will be held. It was proposed to have it the second week of the Bonspiel, i.e., about the 13th to 15th of February, and if possible to co-operate with the dairy and live stock associations for a session, at which papers and addresses would be given on poultry topics. Final decision will be made at the next meeting.

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While our columns are always open for the discussion of any relevant subject, we do not necessarily indorse the opinions of all contributors. Correspondents will kindly write on one side of the sheet only and in every case give the name—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. All correspondence will be subject to revision.

Root or Vegetable?

Willow Picket, Cannington Manor, Assa.: "Can a field cabbage be classified as a field root?"

Answer.—We think not.

Sure Cure for Lump Jaw.

J. McK., Wellington, Man.: "I have found the following a sure cure for lump jaw: Take strong lye made from wood ashes; mix with unslaked lime, enough to make a thick porridge. Apply for 30 minutes and rub some of it on the lump afterwards. It will make a permanent cure."

Southernwood, Artemesia and Old Man.

Amateur Gardener, Deloraine, Man.: "Would you please tell me whether or not Southernwood, Artemesia and Old Man are all one and the same thing? If not, what is the difference?"

Artemesia is the scientific name of a genus of the compositae family of plants. Wormwood is the common name of the same. Southernwood is a name given to a variety of the Artemesia, called Artemesia Abrotinum, and often used to designate the whole family. Old Man is the name by which varieties of Artemesia grown in the garden are called.

What are Speltz?

G. R. B., Boissevain, Man.: "I notice on page 770 of the Oct. 20th issue that Dan Mills, of Carman, has been growing speltz. What are they?"

Answer.—Speltz is a coarse and inferior kind of grain from Russia resembling barley. It seems capable of withstanding drouth to a considerable extent. C. B. Clark, a North Dakota farmer, sowed barley and speltz the same day last spring and had two bushels of speltz for one of barley. His land is high and dry and he looks on speltz as being especially suited to withstanding drouth. He had only a light rainfall from July 1st to the end of October and the comparative yields of his crops were: speltz, 20 bus.; barley, 10; wheat, 6; flax, 5; oats not worth cutting.

Branding—Tile Draining.

W. D. J., Wawanesa, Man.: "1. Having seen in The Nor'-West Farmer of a new process of branding cattle I would like to know if it has been a success. If so please describe the method in your next issue. 2. Has any farm land in Manitoba been tile drained yet? Has it been a success and where can the tile be obtained?"

Answer.—1. So far we have not heard of anyone branding by the chemical method mentioned. We would be pleased to hear from any one who has tried it.

2. The only farm land we know of that has been tile drained is a small piece on the Brandon Experimental Farm. Up till last spring it was thought a success, but somehow the drain got blocked and acres of land lay under water for months. Perhaps water got frozen in the pipe though

it was several feet under ground. Small pipe was used in Winnipeg to drain two acres of garden, but, besides its great cost, the benefit was doubtful. Land must be much dearer than it is now before tile draining becomes a feature in practical farming.

Burning the Stubble.

S. G. F., Elva, Man.: "1. Can you inform me if the stubble burner has been a success? What is the price of such a machine? 2. Do you think it best to burn the stubble off or to drill wheat in without burning? I refer to a field that had a heavy crop of wheat this year after summer fallowing."

Answer.—1. We fear the stubble burner is not yet so reliable as to become a profitable implement for any farm. The expense of burning would certainly be too great even if the machine were cheaper than it is.

2. It might be possible to get rid of that stubble by running the harrows over it this year yet, or by disking in spring and seeding with a shoe drill. Land that has been well summerfallowed could be cropped the second year with little or no cultivation if the stubble can be got rid of in spring. The stubble should not be burned in fall, even if it were practicable, for it is very useful to hold snow, that would otherwise blow off as it falls. Very rank stubble can be burnt off very early in spring by shallow plowing or harrowing round it to prevent the fire running too far, then scattering straw along one end when a breeze is blowing the right way and setting fire to it. Sometimes this is very successful and the best time to start the fire is just after dinner. Stubble that is short and thin can hardly be burnt, but if broken by the harrow and a shoe drill seeder used a very fair crop can be obtained.

A Legal Fence in the Territories.

Inquirer, Alberta: "Please tell me what constitutes a legal fence in the Territories."

Answer.—At the last session of the Legislature the following was adopted as fulfilling the requirements of a legal fence:

1. Any substantial fence not less than four feet high if it consists—

(a) Of rails or boards not less than four in number, the lower one not more than eighteen inches from the ground and each panel not exceeding twelve feet in length;

(b) Of upright posts, boards or palings not more than six inches apart;

(c) Of barbed wire and a substantial top-rail, the wires to be not less than two in number and the lower one not more than twenty inches from the ground, posts to be not more than sixteen and a half feet apart;

(d) Of three or more barbed wires, the lower one not more than twenty inches from the ground, posts to be not more than sixteen and a half feet apart;

(e) Of not less than three barbed wires on posts not more than fifty feet apart, the wires being fastened to droppers not less than two inches in width and one inch in thickness or willow or other poles not less than one inch in diameter at the small end or wire dropper, the said droppers or poles being placed at regular intervals of not more than seven feet apart;

(f) Of two posts spiked together at the top and resting on the ground in the shape of an A which shall be joined by a brace firmly nailed near the base, with three rails firmly secured on the one side of the A, the top rail not less than four feet and the bottom rail not less than eighteen inches from the ground, there being also firmly secured on the other side of the A one rail not more than twenty inches from the ground;

(g) Of woven wire secured to posts not more than thirty-five feet apart.

2. Any river bank or other natural boundary sufficient to keep domestic animals out of any land.

3. Any fence surrounding stacks of hay or grain shall be deemed a lawful fence if constructed according to the above provisions and situated not less than ten feet from such stacks.

4. It shall be the duty of any person erecting any wire fence across any trail that has been in common use by the public for a period of three months immediately previous to such erection to place a top rail on such fence where it crosses the trail and for a distance of two rods on each side from the centre of the trail."

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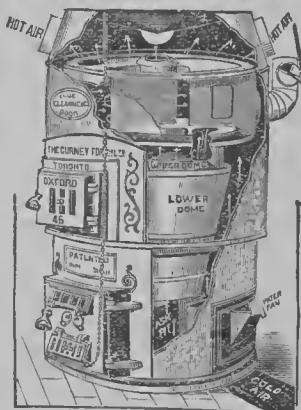
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Winter Feeding for Eggs.

A Farmer's Wife, Ninette, Man.: "Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your valuable paper as to the best method of feeding hens during the winter months so as to make them lay?"

Answer.—The first requisite is a warm house, one in which water will seldom freeze and one in which the combs will never freeze. The next point is that the hens must not be too crowded; try to give each hen six square feet of floor surface, four feet may do, but requires more care to see that the soiled litter is frequently removed. A scratching pen must be provided and in it thrown enough grain to encourage the hens to keep scratching all day long. This will give them exercise. The scratching pen may be a separate one or the whole floor of the general pen except the place where the droppings fall. It is better to put up a platform such as Mr. Crosbie, of Manitou, has in his house, as described on page 727, Oct. 5th issue, and thus leave the whole floor free for scratching. A dust bath must be provided and should be fairly large. A low box four or five feet square will do. It should be placed where the sun will strike it as long as possible. The window should be large and warm. Give the hens as much sunlight as possible. The dust bath should be kept replenished and all fouled dust removed.

Now we are ready to feed, but no food, no matter how good, or how properly it is prepared, or administered, will give satisfactory results in a poor house. It is not the whole secret in obtaining winter eggs. Good management and housing are as necessary as good food. In winter feeding aim to imitate the summer life of the hen. She is a great forager, and thus gets lots of exercise. So in winter the food must be given in such a way as to compel the hens to take all the exercise possible. Hence the introduction of the scratching pen, into which a little grain is scattered for their breakfast and they have to scratch to find it. The middle of the forenoon another small lot may be thrown out, and so on during the day. The object is to have the hens find enough grain to encourage them to keep on scratching. If they can't find any grain they will become discouraged and quit, if they find too much their hunger is satisfied and they stop. Many successful poultrymen keep their hens hungry and scratching all day, i.e., the hens never get enough feed to satisfy them until towards night, just before they go to roost, then the feed troughs are filled with grain and they are allowed to take their fill. After they have gone to roost any grain left in the troughs is either taken away or scattered in the litter ready for the morning. Thus the hens work hard all day hunting for feed but go to bed with full crops, satisfied. The exercise keeps them in good health and in laying condition. Give them all the grain they want, without exercise, and they will get too fat, then soft shelled eggs, egg eating and no eggs follows.

In regard to the preparation of the food some poultrymen like to feed a warm mash some time during the day. Many feed it first thing in the morning, others later in the day, but never to go to roost on. During winter it is always more or less difficult to give a warm mash for the first feed, better give grain first, then the mash later, but it should never be given in such quantity as to satisfy them. It may consist of bran, chopped grain or a mixture of both. In nature hens get many grubs, insects, etc., these must be supplied in lean meat and cut green bones. They also get grass to eat. This must be supplied as vegetables, turnips, mangolds and cabbage, and even nice green hay cut up fine can be boiled and the meal for the

mash stirred into it. It is also a good plan to hang up by a cord a cabbage head or mangold with the skin cut off the sides in the hen house, just high enough so that

they cannot reach it and will have to spring a little for it. Care, judgment and constant watchfulness will keep the hens in good health and give profitable returns.

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What the **Winnipeg Heater** Is doing for Others
It will also do for You.

READ A FEW SAMPLE TESTIMONIALS.

DOUBLE HEAT, REDUCED FUEL. Gentlemen,—I have in use in my hall one of your Heaters attached to a self-feeder stove. Our house is large, built of wood and rough-cast, consequently cold. The heater has fully doubled the heat, besides decreasing the quantity of fuel used. It has given perfect satisfaction.—Yours faithfully, E. COATSWORTH, City Commis., Toronto.

WARM FLOOR, 1/2 FUEL SAVED.—"The Heater you put up in my office has proved a success in every way. It has kept the floor, from which we suffered most, warm and comfortable. It saved at least 1/2 of the fuel (wood) usually consumed. I believe it is the best invention for GIVING THE MOST STEADY HEAT for the least money of anything yet discovered."—JOHN FISHER, Esq., Local Registrar of Cobourg, Ont.

1/2 THE FUEL SAVED. "The Winnipeg Heaters which I purchased from you have given me entire satisfaction, are excellent heaters and great fuel savers. I can safely say that I did not use over one-half the fuel that I would have done under other circumstances, and shall be pleased to recommend them to others."—Dr. A. H. ST. JOHN, Winnipeg.

A VALUABLE INVENTION. "I have a Winnipeg Heater, and have found it perfectly satisfactory. There is no doubt that much heat is saved that would otherwise be lost up the chimney. I can heartily recommend it as a valuable invention, and, attached to a self-feeder, is of great assistance in distributing heat."—THOS. W. BERTRAM, M.D., Dundas, Ont.

10 DEGREES MORE HEAT—NO EXTRA FUEL. "Regarding the Winnipeg Heater, the temperature of our large stores has gone up 10 degrees, with no extra cost for fuel, and the heat is evenly distributed throughout the premises."—FRALICK & Co., Tailors and Clothiers, 15 James St. N., Hamilton.

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Manufactured in Canada only by—

THE METAL SHINGLE AND SIDING CO., LIMITED, PRESTON, ONTARIO.

Manufacturers of METAL CEILINGS, SIDING, SHINGLES, Etc.



Thos. W. L. Swain, Franklin, Man.: "I would rather go without my dinner than miss The Nor'-West Farmer, which says a great deal, you bet."—Nov. 11, 1899.

During the past three months one of R. A. Lister & Co.'s new Alexandra cream separators, driven by a jet of steam, has been working at the Government Experimental Farm at Ottawa. It has given so much satisfaction that the department have decided to purchase the same.

In this issue will be found an interesting letter from an Ontario man, giving his views of the great Northwest. It truly is a wonderful country and developing at a very fast rate. When we consider that close to 50,000 new settlers have come into it this year, it gives one some idea of what is taking place. The next few years will see even larger incomings. As yet we know but little about a great portion of this western country, of its extent and of its great possibilities. As it becomes opened up we are going to be astonished beyond measure at both its extent and possibilities. Truly we have a rich heritage.

The Canadian Pacific's Annual Excursions are this year to be run from December 4th to 31st, and in order to accommodate those who cannot get away till after the holidays, they have arranged that the tickets purchased on the 31st will be good on the going journey until January 10th. The rate will be \$40.00 to Montreal and all points west thereof in Quebec and Ontario, with correspondingly reduced rates to points east. All indications point to a larger number of excursionists than in any previous year and the Company are making special arrangements for the business. The new first-class coaches which were run on the "Imperial Limited" during the summer and which are the finest coaches on any railway in America, are to be put in service for Manitoba excursionists, while for those who desire sleeping accommodation, 20 of their new tourist sleeping cars are being brought from the east for the purpose of making a daily service to Montreal and Toronto.

An Englishman's Visit.

R. A. Lister, president of the R. A. Lister & Co., Ltd., of Dursley, England, has been staying some five weeks in Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and B.C. His firm are the largest manufacturers of cream separators and dairy machinery in the United Kingdom and they have done a large trade in Western Canada in their Alexandra and Melotte cream separators for several years past. Their business here is managed by Wm. Scott, and he has not only sold a large number of cream separators but has established two well-equipped creameries and operated them the past season. One of these is at Morris, a first-rate railway centre; There R. A. Lister & Co., Ltd., have purchased the old court house and have added additional buildings so as to make it to-day one of the best equipped creameries in Manitoba, if not in the whole of the Northwest.

It is fitted up with all the most modern machinery and under the management of Alex. Scott has turned out butter of the highest quality. This creamery was started too late in the season owing to delays

consequent to building a new factory and the fact that it was found necessary to build a new launch propelled by gasoline, which has been and will be employed in running up and down the Red River collecting the cream from the riverside farms. Those who are acquainted with the state of the roads in early spring and in the fall will appreciate what a boon this is to the farmer. Morris has sundered from one drawback in the establishment of a creamery, and that is the want of a plentiful supply of good water. They have been able to overcome this difficulty owing to the kindness and public spirit of the Northern Pacific Railway Co., who in order to encourage the development of the country by the establishment of this new industry, have allowed the creamery to connect with their pumping station.

Another creamery was started at Brandon, where 65,000 lbs. of butter has been manufactured and sold. During the month of November, Messrs. R. A. Lister & Co. are paying the farmers 19c. per lb. and the patrons have been more than satisfied with the prices that have been realized all the season.

Messrs. Lister's object in starting these creameries is not to make money out of the manufacture of butter, as they are quite willing to hand over these creameries when they are found fully established, but the sole idea of the company is to fill a hitherto much needed want in Manitoba, viz., a ready cash market for the farmers' cream. This has been accomplished and many of the farmers expressed to Mr. Lister the high appreciation of the enterprise of his firm, and doubtless the farmers will show their practical appreciation by purchasing the Alexandra or Melotte Cream Separator, as it goes without saying that Messrs. Lister's object in providing this market for the cream was to make the purchase of one of their hand cream separators a more profitable investment.

Some 12 months ago Messrs. Lister established in the City of Montreal a well equipped works for manufacturing and repairing their cream separators; this will be found a great convenience. The Montreal branch is under the management of the president's second son, Austin A. Lister, who is a practical mechanic and has been trained from boyhood in the manufacture of cream separators. Manitoba welcomes the interest in her prosperity by a man like Mr. Lister, who is willing to invest a large sum of money in assisting to build up her dairy industry. We are often indebted to him for copies of current agricultural literature in the old country, and he informs us that he is a constant reader of The Nor'-West Farmer, and is pleased to have found it in the homes of most of the enterprising farmers in Manitoba and the Northwest.

Blackleg Vaccine.

Owing to the remarkable success with which the original Blackleg Vaccine had been used in Europe during the previous ten years, it was a foregone conclusion that the same article would meet with the same success when introduced into the United States and Canada in 1895 by the Pasteur Vaccine Company. Since that time, Pasteur Vaccine has been successfully used upon over one million head of cattle in the United States and Canada, and its value as a preventive remedy proved beyond all question. The success of Pasteur Vaccine has naturally brought other Blackleg preparations into the market, but time will show how successful they may be. In order to avoid possible disappointment, it is important upon ordering to specify "Pasteur Vaccine," and

see to it that the original and genuine preparation is secured. Pasteur Vaccine for Blackleg is supplied in the form of a powder, to be administered at one application or two applications, as desired. The Pasteur Company's remedy is also furnished in the form of a cord, ready for use. The Cord Vaccine is, for distinction, called "Blacklegine," and is applied with a needle, which is the only instrument required. For full particulars, with official endorsements and testimonials from the largest and most prominent stockraisers who have been using Pasteur Vaccine with success during the last four years, write to Pasteur Vaccine Company at their headquarters in Chicago, or to their branch offices at Omaha, Denver, Fort Worth, or San Francisco, or to the general agents, Mitchell & Co., Winnipeg, Man.

A National Society.

The Canadian Order of Foresters has an enviable reputation for fair dealing, and continues to receive large accessions to its membership, which is now upwards of 34,000. The Society issues insurance policies for \$500, \$1,000, \$1,500 and \$2,000, at the following rates, the fees being payable monthly in advance:—

Between the Ages of	On \$500	On \$1,000	On \$1,500	On \$2,000
18 to 25 ..	35c..	60c..	90c..	\$1.20
25 to 30 ..	40c..	65c..	98c..	1.30
30 to 35 ..	45c..	70c..	\$1.05 ..	1.40
35 to 40 ..	50c..	85c..	1.28 ..	1.70
40 to 45 ..	55c..	1.00 ..	1.50 ..	2.00

After paying upwards of one million and a half in death claims, the Order had a surplus in the insurance department of \$802,000 at the end of September last, all of which is invested in gilt-edged securities in Canada, or is on deposit in the best monetary institutions of the country. Not a dollar of the moneys collected for the insurance fund is or has been used for the expenses of management. The Society has branches in every Province in the Dominion, to which its operations are confined, believing that on account of the low death rate the business can be conducted at lower premiums than it if carried on its operations outside of Canada. The death rate per 100 of membership in 1898 was 4.56, and since the organization of the society in 1879 the average death rate has been only 4.94.

The Sick and Funeral Benefit Branch is a very popular department, and upwards of 17,000 of the members of the Society are participating in this feature of the Order. The benefits are \$3.00 per week for the first two weeks of illness and \$56 during any year, besides a funeral benefit of \$30.00. The fees, payable monthly in advance, are as follows:

Between 18 and 25 years....	25 cents.
Between 25 and 30 years....	30 cents.
Between 30 and 35 years....	35 cents.
Between 35 and 40 years....	40 cents.
Between 40 and 45 years....	45 cents.

During the year 1898 over \$43,000 was paid out in Sick and Funeral Benefits and \$143,000 in death benefits. All physically and morally qualified males, between the ages of 18 and 45 years of age, are accepted for membership.

For further particulars enquire of any of the Officers or Members of the Order, or address

R. ELLIOTT, H.C.R., Ingersoll, Ont.,
THOS. WHITE, High Sec., Brantford, Ont., or

ERNST GARTUNG, Brantford, Ont.,
D. E. McKINNON, D.H.C.R., Winnipeg, Man., or

WM. KIRKLAND, D.H. Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Market Review.

Winnipeg, Nov. 20th, 1899.

This has been an exceedingly fine fall for getting work done, but the fine weather has been anything but helpful to a full trade in winter goods. There is a heavy movement of grain to the lake ports before navigation closes, and the increased amount of general freight moving west is such as to cause almost a car famine on the C.P.R. Owing to the constant advance in the price of the raw materials which railroads have to purchase freight rates are likely to be advanced on the Canadian roads. The railroads also think that the more prosperous condition of business will stand an advance in freight rates. This prosperous condition has also made a greater demand for money and the banks have advanced the rates on call loans and on stocks and bonds, from $\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. to $\frac{6}{8}$ per cent., with a probable further advance later on. In almost every line of business prices have been advanced on the one pretext—advance in cost of raw material. It's a general excuse now. Various lines of iron goods continue to advance. Implement dealers report a heavy trade in sleighs and cutters. Bank clearings continue to show an increased volume of business. An extra large amount of fall plowing has been done throughout the country, and things in general are in good shape for winter.

Wheat.

A fortnight ago wheat was worth 68c. to 69c. at Chicago. Saturday, the 18th, it started at 67½c. to 67c. and hovered there all day. These figures show how slight are the variations from week to week. The changes are in reality next to nothing, and the slightest influences seem to depress or raise the figures by fractional degrees, but oftener on the losing than on the winning side.

On the local market the shortage of cars is causing a depression, estimated at 1 or 2 cents a bushel, and but for one thing the glut at the elevators would have still more seriously affected the local quotations. In the old days farmer's notes were made payable, as a rule, in October or November, and their crop had to meet those notes, whatever might be the state or prospects of the world's requirements. Now the same men are much better off, and at the same time much shrewder in their financing. Their notes, when they do give them, are often made payable along in the new year, and this gives a chance to hold on, not always to the holder's profit, but still he feels more independent and acts accordingly. The consequence of this improved financial condition is that farmers are quietly waiting their time and either storing in the elevators or keeping it at home. One gratifying mitigation of the situation is the fine open weather which not only helps the landward end of the traffic, but promises to keep the lakes open some weeks beyond the usual date of freezing and thus maintain confidence and keep prices to the topmost notch.

This morning, owing to a rise of ½c. at Liverpool on Saturday, there is a better feeling, and Fort William sold at 67½c.

As most dealers are already aware, the C. P. R. has given notice that double the regular tariff rates will be charged for all excess weights above 10 per cent. more than the stencilled weight marked on the cars. Overloading might some day cause a very serious accident, and this is the way the company has taken to prevent it. This tendency to overload is but one of the inconveniences resulting from the congested condition of the traffic. Extensive additions were made last summer to the rolling stock of the C. P. R., but these have for the last month proven quite inadequate to the demands made on them, and the loss from delay in getting out wheat is reported by dealers as considerable. The great addi-

tional amount of west-bound freight has added to the difficulty, for it takes a good deal more time to load and haul a full car westward than an empty one.

Oats

On the Winnipeg street market are 25c. and 26c., milling qualities, 3 cents higher. There is little disposition to hurry the crop to market and no prospect of any decline in values for those who hold on till sleighing time. At country points from 20c. to 22c. is offered for car lots.

Barley.

Little coming forward. Good milling grades are worth 32c. by the car lot on the track. Feed grades, 25c. to 26c.

Flour.

Flour is relatively stiffer in price at present than the price of wheat justifies, and should present quotations for wheat keep down, a drop on flour of 10 or 15 cents may be looked for.

Mill Feed.

No change from \$11.50 per ton for bran and \$13.50 for shorts. Oat chop is quoted at \$20; mixed with barley, \$18; barley chop, \$18.

Horses.

The demand for horses continues brisk. The chief demand now is from the lumber camps and from the towns. Heavy draft horses bring from \$125 to \$200, according to quality. Lighter horses, \$100 to \$150. Good roadsters are scarce.

Cattle.

The shipment of cattle for this season is pretty well over and will total up to quite a large number. Good choice steers are quoted at from 3c. to 3½c. The tendency of the market is easier. Common cattle run from 2½c. to 3c. Stockers are moving at 2½c. to 3½c.

Dressed beef is worth 5c. to 6½c.; veal, 6c. to 8c.

Milch cows are scarce. Good cows bring readily \$35, while choice ones will run up to \$50.

Sheep.

Choice grades of sheep are worth 4½c. off the cars. Quite a supply is coming in from the west and also from Ontario. Winter stocks are now being killed. Lambs bring about ½c. more than sheep. Dressed mutton is worth 9c. to 10c. per pound.

Hogs.

As predicted in last report, prices have gone back a little in sympathy with an easier market in the east, where choice hogs are quoted at 4½c. Manitoba hogs are now moving a little more freely, and packers are offering 5c. for choice ones and 4½c. for lower grades. Dressed pork is bringing 5½c. to 6½c.

Butter and Cheese.

Creamery—About the last car of Manitoba creamery butter moved out last week. It is worth about 21c. to 21½c. at the factory. The market in the east is much weaker in sympathy with lower cables from England, 20c. to 20½c. being the top price at Montreal.

Dairy—Large quantities of summer-pack are coming forward and much of it is very unsatisfactory. Choice fresh-made goods, or nice September make, is worth from 18c. to 20c., delivered in Winnipeg.

The produce firms are handling most of the butter on commission. Their commission is 10 per cent. At present choice dairy butter in tubs, boxes or prints, sells from the commission houses at 20c. to 22c., thus leaving the shipper from 18c. to 20c. per pound for butter delivered in Winnipeg. The demand of the market just now is for fresh goods, and low grades and off grades find a dull sale at very low prices. Round lots bring about 14c. to 15c., while poor lots run down to 11c. and 13c.

Cheese—Market is easier, 11½c. to 12c. a pound at the factories. The cheese made by C. C. Macdonald for the Paris Exhibition have been examined and found in fine condition and are now in cold storage.

Poultry and Eggs.

Dressed poultry is moving only in a quiet way at 10c. a pound for chickens, ducks and geese. Turkeys bring 12c. Movement of large stocks for the Xmas market has not started yet.

Eggs are scarce and prices advancing. Fresh eggs in a wholesale way are bringing from 17c. to 18c., delivered in Winnipeg, while higher prices are obtained for small lots on the local market. Prof. Robertson has received a report that the chickens fattened at the poultry fattening stations, and shipped to England have arrived in splendid condition and met with a ready sale.

Hides.

There has been no change in prices since last report, but the market is stiffening and a rise may occur soon. We quote: No. 1, 7½c.; No. 2, 6½c.; No. 3, 5½c. Branded hides grade No. 2, and bulls No. 3. Kip, 7c. Calf, 8c. to 8½c. Sheep skins, 40c. to 50c. Lambskins, 25c. to 30c. Horsehides, 50c. to 75c. each.

Potatoes.

The market remains much the same. Farmers' loads on the market bring about 40c., while car lots of potatoes are worth about 25c. a bushel at country points.

Canadian Excursion at Hand.

Attention is again called to the Canadian excursions which the Northern Pacific is offering the people in this vicinity to enable them to visit their homes and friends in Eastern Canada. Both the farmer and the merchant have money this year, and it is expected, therefore, that there will be a large movement to Eastern Canada this season. The rate of \$40 for the round trip is exceedingly low, and when you consider that it comes but once a year and that it enables you to renew again your acquaintance with familiar places and loved faces, it does not require much consideration to decide that the trip shall be made.

Dame H. Prefontaine, St. Eustache, Man. —"I am very sorry that such an interesting paper as The Nor'-West Farmer is not printed in French, so as to be read by all my fellow citizens. It is the greatest help to farmers of all ages in this country. If any of your representatives want to testify to the lot of work done by an old French woman, he will judge by himself that if I don't write correctly the English language, I understand and practice the lessons given in The Farmer."—Nov. 15, 1899.

La Para Granda, for years the pride of Santa Barbara, Cal., is dead, and will be cut down. La Para Granda is the biggest grapevine in the world. Its trunk measures three and one-half feet in circumference. Its branches are spread on a trellis as high as a man's head and sixty feet square. In its prime this giant vine produced four full tons of grapes a year. Its trunk will be preserved as a relic in the museum of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce.

There is no way so effective for killing quack grass as to let it alone till the middle of May or even a little later, then plow it a good clean furrow and smother it with some fast growing crop. Barley is the most readily available crop for this country, but any strong growing crop would do as well. A heavy seeding of strong growing peas put in early in May might be well worth trying. Buckwheat would do equally well if we were in the habit of growing it here.

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER

ISSUED TWICE A MONTH.
ESTABLISHED 1882.

The only Agricultural Paper printed in Canada between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast, and issued on the 6th and 20th of each month.

THE STOVEL COMPANY,
PROPRIETORS.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Transient advertisements, for less than three months, 15c. a line (each insertion). Terms for longer periods on application.

All advertisements estimated on the Nonpareil line—12 lines to an inch. A column contains 128 lines.

Copy for changes in advertisements should be sent in not later than the 27th and 14th of the month to ensure classified location in the next issue. Copy for new advertisements should reach the office by the 30th and 17th of each month.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It is the intention of the publishers of this paper to admit into their columns none but reliable advertisers, and we believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from such parties. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will advise us, and we will at any time give our personal attention to any complaints which we receive. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often advertise different things in several papers.

LETTERS.

Either on business or editorial matters, should be addressed simply "THE NOR'-WEST FARMER, P. O. Box 1810, Winnipeg," and not to any individual.

Look at Your Subscription Label:

When you pay your subscription, watch the name label on the next two issues which you receive. On the first issue following payment, it might not give the correct date—the type-setting machine may make an error and the proof not be corrected before mailing day. But if the date is not correct on the second issue please notify us by postal card.

Look at the date label now. Are you in arrears? Are you "paid up" to the end of 1900? The label will tell you. If in arrears, please renew promptly.

Subscribers who miss any of the issues of "THE NOR'-WEST FARMER" should drop us a card at once and secure same, as we want every subscriber to get every copy. Do not delay in sending, as our supply of extras sometimes becomes quickly exhausted.

WINNIPEG, NOVEMBER 20, 1899



TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A number of the annual subscriptions to The Nor'-West Farmer expire next month. As there is always a rush of work at the close of the year, subscribers will greatly oblige the publishers if they will send in their renewal subscriptions as early as possible, so that there may be no delay in marking them upon the mailing lists.

The Nor'-West Farmer will in future rigidly adhere to the cash in advance system, as being the most satisfactory to both subscribers and publishers. Those now in arrears, will, however, not be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

The publishers feel more confident than ever that our subscribers are satisfied with the paper. We have now issued twice a month (instead of monthly) for eleven months, and it is our intention to continue doing so. Several new features are contemplated for 1900, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it a credit and joy to every home.

The Nor'-West Farmer has at the pre-

sent time over 10,500 subscribers on its mailing list. This exceeds by thousands that of any other publication in Western Canada. The reason for this large number is apparent.

Send in your renewal subscription at once, also try and send us the name of one new subscriber for 1900. The paper will be sent from now until January 1st, 1901, for the yearly price, \$1.00.

DISTRIBUTION OF PURE-BRED SIRES.

As will be seen in another column in this issue the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. has sent notification to the Territorial Government of its willingness to carry eight carloads of thoroughbred bulls free from Ontario to Territorial points, presumably in lieu of the free distribution of such stock which the company has indulged in recently in the Province of Manitoba. The Nor'-West Farmer does not hesitate to extend its heartiest congratulations to the company upon its adoption of the suggestions contained in our last issue. There can be no doubt whatever that once favorable transportation rates are secured, the difficulty of raising the standard of horned stock in the West will solve itself.

There is, however, one feature about the proposed arrangement which will hardly commend itself to the pure-bred stock-breeders of the Province of Manitoba, namely, the apparent intention of the company to confine its offer of free transportation of such stock to shipments between Ontario and Territorial points only.

There can be no doubt, that in justice to the enterprising men who have invested their capital in pure-bred herds in Manitoba, the company should extend to them the same privileges as Eastern breeders would now appear to enjoy, and The Farmer is pleased to state on page 827 of this issue that Land Commissioner Hamilton, of the C.P.R., is prepared to meet the breeders of Manitoba at the earliest possible opportunity, that arrangements may be made by which stock can be transported on similarly favorable terms from the East to Manitoba and from one part of the West to another. We are thus pleased to see that the company has made an advance in perfecting what, in our humble opinion, is the scheme par excellence for improving our herds, while at the same time avoiding the dealing out of injustice and generating antagonistic feelings in any faction of the community or tempting our prosperous stockmen to become subjects for charity, namely, the providing of facilities for the importation of single heads of pure-bred sires at a nominal cost, through co-operation amongst the Live Stock Associations, the transportation company and the two Western Governments, upon the basis of the policy adopted by the Territorial Department of Agriculture.

In order to fully comprehend the scheme now about to be carried into effect, it might be well to mention, that it practically is merely an extension of the scheme of the Northwest Government of last season, when it undertook to carry pure-bred bulls from any portion of Manitoba and Ontario to points in the Territories at a uniform rate of \$5.00 per head. The Territorial Government defrayed all expenses in connection with this undertaking, beyond the \$5.00 contributed by the applicant. It is understood that the arrangement worked admirably. The railway company has now consented to co-operate with the Department of Agriculture for the Territories as regards its importations from Ontario.

The Farmer is not in the confidence of the Territorial Government as regards its fiscal policy, but judging by the tenor of

the Premier's speech at Yorkton and the numerous editorial comments and speculations thereon, there can be no doubt that the financial outlook in the Territories for the coming year must be, to put it very mildly, decidedly gloomy, and as rigid economy doubtless will have to be practised, it is gratifying to know that the good work of improving Territorial herds initiated by the Government last season will still go on, even upon a more extensive scale, through the action of the C.P.R. in agreeing to co-operate with the Government, no doubt for the purpose of enabling it to continue such a wise and beneficial policy.

If it is the intention of the Territorial Department of Agriculture to renew its present arrangement with the Pure Bred Cattle Breeders' Association of Manitoba, during the coming season, we believe the C.P.R. authorities will be found ready to meet them with favorable rates, and we firmly believe that it would be policy on the part of the C.P.R. to encourage the importation of Manitoba bred sires into the Territories. It is a well known fact, that all western stockmen prefer the home bred animal. He is acclimatized and proves a vastly better sire than Ontario bulls, which are almost entirely useless on the range during the first season.

THE ELEVATOR COMMISSION.

The Elevator Commission still continues its labors, but the evidence offered presents few new features. Many local causes of dissatisfaction have been presented, but, so far as we can learn, Neepawa, at which there is no elevator monopoly of the kind complained of along the C.P.R. system, has as many complaints to make as come from places where the flat warehouse is not allowed a footing. It is being continually asserted by one set of complainers that the whole thing is a farce, that there is no use offering evidence, etc. If there is one way more than another by which these "kickers" can injure the cause which they profess to have at heart, it is this of talking loudly in corners, and refraining from bringing the facts, if there are facts, to the only place where they can have any weight. To all who talk in this strain we say "speak now or forever hold your peace."

At Portage la Prairie a representative of the Farmers' Elevator gave evidence of the way in which their system was worked. The same took place at Cartwright and there was apparently general satisfaction where before much discontent prevailed. It is much better for the cause of the producer to get evidence as fully detailed as possible of the way an improved plan works than to have the same kind of fault-finding repeated day after day. In the Carman district there is a group of Farmers' elevators that appear to give full satisfaction and if such men as James Riddell, M.P.P., were called upon to testify as to their working, and influence on the sale of their wheat, their evidence would undoubtedly prove very useful. It is only by getting all the light possible that a correct verdict can be given, and the manly course for every one interested is to come into open court and tell what he knows, so far as that knowledge can help a settlement of this vexing question.

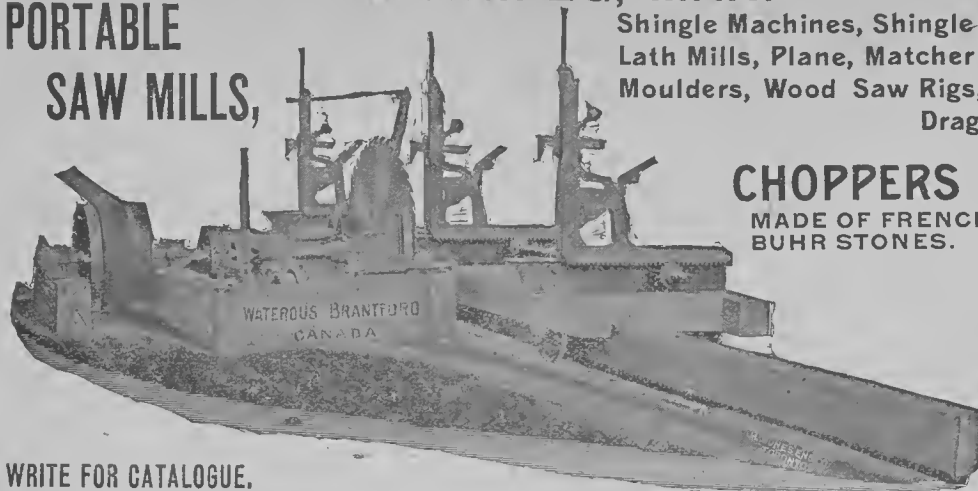
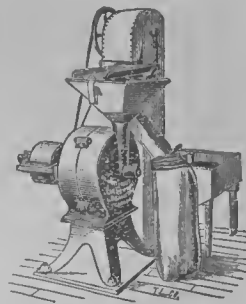
The final round-up, to be held at Winnipeg, after the local evidence has been collected, will afford a suitable opportunity for presenting any evidence of value that was previously omitted. There, too, the men, who have invested their capital in the elevator system, will present their view of the case. Till all the evidence has been brought in it would be unfair to offer any definite opinion, though The Farmer

The Waterous Engine Works Co., Ltd.

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competition in both buying and selling.

MANITOBA FARMERS' MUTUAL HAIL INSURANCE CO.

Since The Farmer last drew attention to the business methods of this institution, the manager has issued a circular to its members, in the first paragraph of which we read as follows: "We enclose a copy of the report of the Commissioners who were appointed by the Government to examine into our affairs and you can see by the same that they have found our business properly conducted." In that report itself we read: "There is no doubt that the sub-agents canvassing for business have made gross misrepresentations in their work throughout the country." In other words a large amount of the business now in the hands of this company was got by dishonest methods, too numerous and varied to be specified in detail, and this kind of deception is by the directorate considered good business. There is an old Latin maxim, we are not certain that it is embodied in the statute law of Canada, but if not it certainly ought to be, that "qui facit per alius facit per se." This in plain English reads "He who does a thing through an agent does it himself." If that old world logic is bad, we are not to blame, and even should some brighter intellect be able to show that it is out of date, we would still like to have it true—in Canada at least.

The biggest item in the bill of expenses which the members of this company are called on to pay is the charge for commissions, which, we understand is to be divided between the manager and his agents. The victims of hail are to get \$32,000, the commissions to be paid are put at \$33,870.73. Economy in business management is one great recommendation in the administration of any public company.

In our opinion no judge or jury in this or any other enlightened community would justify these men in meeting as they did, to vote to themselves enormous payments for their own salaries, expenses and commissions, and then scattering broadcast over the country imported agents who by gross deception and misrepresentation induced farmers to give notes, by the legal enforcement of which, these big payments can be made. There are half a dozen first-rate lawyers in the country, who on these and other grounds have advised the members to refuse payment of

these notes, and common sense and justice are on the same side.

E. G. Conklin, who has been appointed by the Government to inspire confidence in the future administration of the affairs of the company, called a meeting of the numerous members in the Emerson district, which was held there on Saturday, the 18th, and largely attended. To show how satisfactory his explanations were we append the resolution passed at that meeting. At a subsequent meeting in the same place a committee was chosen and a liberal collection in cash was made to enable that committee to defend any one of their members who might be sued by the company. At a similar meeting in Portage la Prairie it was decided, as we are informed, by a majority of 5 to 4, the best course to pay and then protest. The Farmer thinks this bad policy and believes that every district ought to collect funds and choose a delegate to confer with those of other districts as to the line of action to be followed.

Copy of the resolution passed at Emerson on Saturday, 18th November:—
Moved by George Turner and seconded by Solomon Johnston:—

"Whereas we members of the Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Company here assembled were induced to join the said company in consequence of the false representation made by the canvassers for the company:

"That the report of Messrs. Moffatt and Conklin shows excessive and totally unwarranted assessment, the items for agents' commission and manager's salary being particularly outrageous:

"Therefore be it resolved, that we the said members of the Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Company do call upon the Attorney-General to put in effect the provisions of the Mutual Hail Insurance Act, Section 47, which provides that the Attorney-General may apply to the Court of Queen's Bench for an order requiring the company to show cause why the business of the said company shall not be closed:

"And that we refuse in the meantime to pay any assessments until the finding of the Court be made known to us:

"And further be it resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Attorney-General for this Province with a request for immediate action."

It is whispered that the farmers are being advised by a still higher authority than legal counsel to withhold payment of the assessments and await developments.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

The annual meetings of the agricultural societies of Western Canada take place early in December. In Manitoba the day is set for the second Monday in December, which this year is the 11th. In the Territories the meeting has to be held some time between the 1st and 10th of December and the annual reports have to be sent to Regina by the 20th. The Farmer would like to see these meetings well attended because the agricultural societies can be made a power for good in the land. Become a member and take an interest in the work of the society. Join now and don't wait until you see whether there is a possibility of winning a prize before doing so.

To the agricultural societies in the Territories this meeting is the beginning of new things. The grants for 1900 will be paid in advance and on the basis of the membership of the previous year. So that the membership obtained in 1900 will govern the grant for 1901. Therefore, every effort should be put forth to secure as large a membership as possible. Then, too, in 1901, the new clause of the act comes in, that is, the society must show that it has an amount arising from membership fees, donations, etc., exclusive of the municipal and government grants, of \$350 before it can participate in the grants for show purposes. Hence the importance of working up as large a membership as possible during 1900.

As these societies are also to undertake the work of the farmers' institutes care must be exercised in the election of officers. The secretary, especially, should be a man of energy and ability—a pusher. The secretary is the mainspring of the institute or the society and the success attained depends upon him; therefore, see that the very best man is appointed. After 1900, grants of a dollar per member up to 150 will be given for institute purposes. No better or more useful way can be suggested for spending part of this money than in a good circulating library of agricultural works. Begin to make your plans now.

—About 50 families in the Dauphin country will need help on account of prairie fire losses. They will require flour, bran, lumber, etc.

J. A. McKellar, Brandon, Man. — "It would be impossible for me to get along now without your valuable paper, The Nor'-West Farmer."—Nov. 16, 1899.

THE CHIEF VETERINARIAN.

The Calgary Herald has a long article in a recent issue on the Chief Veterinarian of the Dominion. The Herald takes him to task as being the cause of a great deal of the trouble to which stockmen have been subjected on account of the recent outbreak of mange and for other matters in connection with the range. Perhaps some of this attack may be attributable to political reasons, but this much The Farmer can say, that there seems to be a widespread feeling against his administration of affairs so far as it concerns the range country. In view of the fact that he is interested in the Walrond Rancho, he should be in a position to know what is best for the stock interests. However, it seems to be a fact that there is dissatisfaction and we are sorry to say it is not confined to Western Canada.

The truth is that the growing time about which we have heard so much has reached the range country and is making conditions that call for immediate action on the part of the authorities at Ottawa. The stock business is an important and growing one and is working under adverse land and grazing regulations which are enough to discourage the best ranchmen, but, when to this is added general dissatisfaction with the veterinary administration, it is no wonder that the cry goes up that "it's time for a change."

It is patent to everyone that this country is getting too big to be run by "carpet baggers." It is time that the control of all of its own affairs be turned over to the Government of the Territories. This is one solution of the trouble. Let the work now undertaken by the Chief Veterinarian in the Territories be turned over to the local Government, who, being on the ground and in touch with the stock industry, should be able to give an administration helpful to the stock interests and generally satisfactory. Such an arrangement would also admit of straightening up the land and grazing regulations. Failing such a settlement the next best course is to appoint a duly qualified veterinarian, who will be a resident in the Territories, and in intimate touch with the live stock industry. It is plain that a periodical visit of a day or two to the ranching country and incidentally to visit his own ranch, or vice versa, is not sufficient to keep a man in touch with the rapid developments that are taking place. If the Territorial Government cannot be invested with the control of the live stock industry, then let some one be appointed, clothed with the powers of the present chief veterinarian and resident in the west.

BIG FARMS MUST GO.

In a recent issue of the New York Outlook, Charles B. Spahr, who has been visiting the big wheat lands of the Northwestern States, says that everybody he asked in Minnesota was of the opinion that the large farms were the least successful and that they were being broken up into smaller ones. This evidence was made manifest to him in many ways during his visit to the wheat-growing districts, and he was of the decided opinion that big bonanza farms were bound to be broken up, because they could not compete with the smaller ones.

The reason for this is apparent to any one who will give it a little study. The profit from a farm does not all come from the growing of big areas of wheat with hired help. Mr. Spahr estimates it as coming rather from three factors: cheap food for the farmer's family, the employment of all the members of the family throughout the whole year in look-

ing after the by-products of the farm, as butter, eggs, and meat in its various forms, and in turning to good account much of the waste upon the farm. Farmers in Western Canada will do well to note the truth as stated by so keen an observer as Mr. Spahr. While we have not as many large or bonanza farms as there are to the south of us, yet the lesson he points out in regard to the by-products is one we must not lose sight of. There is room on every farm for a lot of the by-products as mentioned above to be raised, the manufacturing must be kept going 12 months in the year. We must learn not to depend on wheat alone. It may pay the working expenses, etc., but, after all, the by-products give the profit.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The presence of Premier Haultain, of the N.W.T., at meetings of the Elevator Commission and his efforts while there to get the evidence of farmers put into good business shape, are certainly worthy of high commendation. There is no better way of procuring a reasonable settlement of questions of this sort than to have correct and concise evidence put before the commissioners and Messrs. Haultain and Bulyea, the Commissioner of Agriculture, deserve credit for their attendance and evident desire to get a fair settlement of the difficulty. Mr. Bulyea, having had full experience as a dealer, was able to give valuable evidence himself.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.

It is indeed refreshing to learn of a business that pays 100 per cent. dividends, as the Farmers' Binder Twine Co., of Brantford, has declared for 1899. This is on their entire paid-up capital stock. Last year this company declared a dividend of 60 per cent., which was thought then a big thing, but this year's business is away ahead of that. High as binder twine was last year it would look as though there was room for a much lower price. Free binder twine has done wonders for the company, but how is it that binder twine is so high to the farmer?

SUBSCRIPTION CREDITS.

All payments on subscriptions are shown by the printed label bearing the subscriber's name. "Dec., 99," signifies that the paper is paid for until December 31st, 1899. "Jan., 00," to January 31st, 1900. and so of other months and years, which are abbreviated so as to be readily understood. The credit given on this label is a sufficient notification of subscriptions due and receipt for payments made.

—Another fine young man has been added to the long and mournful list of those who have come to an untimely end by the unskilful handling of loaded guns. Thos. Cooney went out from his home near Midway towards that of his brother, carrying his loaded gun in the buggy with him. When four miles out the gun went off, boring a hole through his lungs, from which he died the same night. It is supposed the trigger rattling against the side of the buggy caught something and went off. On our roads too much care can hardly be taken in carrying loaded firearms, yet every few weeks we hear of cases where the gun is drawn out by the muzzle, to the serious or fatal injury of the sportsman.

—The order-in-council allowing Canadian grain to be shipped in American bottoms on the great lakes has had a wonderful influence in relieving the congested condition of the grain trade and is sending a lot of grain out by way of Montreal.

—So constant and regular is the inflow to Britain of all kinds of food products, that even wholesale dealers are careless of buying more than they will want to keep their business going. Even grain storage is extremely limited. Well informed men allege that there is not more than a fortnight's supply in store in all Britain. There are always cargoes afloat or in sight to keep the stocks full enough for all ordinary requirements. But a war scare would put a new face on the matter and prices might double in a very few weeks. Will there always be peace?

—Collingwood, Ontario, is to have a modern ship-building plant capable of building four full canal-sized ships at once, or, if necessary, to build a 500-foot ship. The machines, tools and entire equipment will be capable of turning out any steel ship that will be required in lake or canal trade. It is proposed to have the first ship launched by the middle of next summer. This should be a great boon to our carrying trade and help the transportation of grain, which at the present time is being injured by the enormous demand for freight boats for the iron ore industry.

—Grandmotherly legislation may occasionally be carried just a little too far. An English farmer was recently taken before a bench of magistrates for employing a boy of school age to pick potatoes for a couple of days in an emergency. They fined him \$5 and costs. It is not so very long since well-to-do farmers could be found in England that could not sign their own name, but the other extreme is about as bad. If a boy 12 years old is not to do a couple of days' work in a busy season because it hinders his school education, where and when is his field education to be got? To make the absurdity of this regulation more conspicuous it should be noted that so scarce are potato pickers that farmers are compelled to pay them 75c. a day, double the usual rates, and cart them to and from their work. This is certainly one of the cases in which the law would have got more honor by being let sleep than by enforcing it.

Wm.F.Cochrane, of the Cochrane Ranch Co., Ltd., Macleod, Alta., in renewing his subscription to The Farmer, writes:—"I have read your articles on the Western Stock Growers' Association with a great deal of interest, and thoroughly endorse what you say about it, and hope that they will have the good effect that they should have in showing the ranchmen that they should all join us, and strengthen us so that we may be able to do much more than we are able to attempt at present. Your article on 'Grazing Leases' is also very good. The old leases were bad enough, but the present ones are so useless that I wonder that anyone can be found that is fool enough to take one. We have had a very prosperous year, branding 2,337 calves, and getting a very satisfactory price for our cattle. We threshed about 7,000 lbs. of good brome seed from fourteen acres of grass, and intend putting in a large acreage of it next season. The quality of our cattle is rapidly improving, as we have put about 130 thoroughbred bulls on the range during the last two years, and do not propose to use any but thoroughbreds in the future. If we are able to arrange to have our steers fed in small bunches every winter, as we hope to do, we should be able to turn off some fine three-year-olds in a year or two."



Southern Alberta.

Although the palmy old days of dare-devil, skin-clad cowboys, six-shooters and break-neck horse-thief pursuits have (save in the records of certain yellow-covered journals and in the imaginings of fevered-minded boys and more fever-minded tenderfeet), long since given place in modern times to the mounted police, "slickers," registered brands and dipping stations, still there is a halo of romance about the ranching industry and a fund of information and of interest to be gained which makes a visit to the country of open grazing well worth taking.

It was the pleasure of one of our staff to take a recent short run through Southern Alberta and to see something of the progress which marks the development of that wonderful country. South of Calgary for some distance a good deal of the land is fenced and considerable cropping is carried on in conjunction with stock-raising. On some farms we saw very good crops of wheat and certainly a great deal of the oats were excellent. About four miles south of the city both the Macleod trail and the Macleod railway line pass alongside the new proposed Territorial experimental farm. The only active work which has been carried on this year has consisted in the erection of buildings and in breaking up areas for next year's work. When fuller developments have taken place it should present a pleasant sight and lend an additional interest to the trip southward, whether by rail or by wagon.

Around Okotoks and High River the grass is strong and the ranchers are doing very well. There is probably rather more individual care given to stock here than in many other parts of the ranching country, and not a few keep some very fine pure-bred animals. We were unable to make an extended visit here and a very great many items which would have been of much interest to our readers were regretfully left behind. From High River southward to Macleod the country is not so thickly settled, although the large bands of cattle which are to be seen all the way down show that the natural pastures are being pretty well utilized.

The trip southward is throughout an interesting one. To the lover of scenic beauty this country, with its expansive plains stretching out to the eastward to where the sky mingles its blue walls with the green floor of the prairie and to the westward reaching back into a confusion of rolling foothills with a spectral line of cold grey mountain peaks looming up in the dim distance, the whole scene intersected with winding valleys and streams and the plains and hillsides dotted with herds of browsing bees—we say to the lover of scenic beauty this country possesses a charm peculiarly its own.

Macleod is a very important ranching centre and has a large and wealthy country tributary to it. The ranchers around here are probably not quite so thickly settled, however, as in some other districts, there being more large ranch concerns making this point their headquarters. The Cochrane ranch, about 30 miles south of the town, is one of the largest, if not the largest, of the cattle ranches. This company keep about 13,000 head of stock and own 60,000 acres of land. One or two

other concerns approach more or less closely to these figures and ownership grades from this point downwards.

A great many changes are being made from year to year in the methods of the ranchmen. More care is being taken, and the very heavy losses which have hitherto marked the wintering of stock are gradually being done away with. A great many are rounding up the calves in the fall and keeping them under fence all winter. Some are also wintering a number of the female stock in fence, and the Glengarry ranch has recently purchased a township and we believe are fencing it with the intention of keeping all cows inside in the winter months. Last winter the Oxley ranch wintered 600 calves under fence and lost only four head from all causes, although there was considerable loss last winter and spring with calves run on the open range. Then, too, in the matter of providing fodder, a good deal of improvement is being made over earlier years.

A good deal of irrigating is being done and of course this means good and sure crops. The Oxley ranch, we were told, has an area irrigated which runs into the thousands of acres, and some few private ranchers have a hundred acres or more. Some peculiar effects are to be observed as the results of irrigating. The bunch grass dies down and is crowded out by blue joint or other grasses and the wild sage generally dies also. Some very fine crops of oats have been grown and a good many are growing Brome grass. Potatoes give a heavy crop and one man near Macleod last year grew two acres of onions which yielded very heavily.

On one point a great deal of improvement might be made—that is in beautifying the homes by tree planting. There are a number of very hardy trees and shrubs which could be grown here and they would help to set off the places now bare and forlorn, and, although there may be peculiar difficulties in the way, we are persuaded there are none which might not be overcome. To one accustomed to these little embellishments, the almost universal absence of shrubbery and of "lay out" is depressing.

Pincher Creek, 30 mile west of Macleod, on the Crow's Nest Railway, is a

point which is coming in for a good share of importance as a very rich ranching and mixed farming country. Lethbridge to the east is not only a ranching town, but derives a great deal of importance and bustle from the Galt coal mines there. These employ from 250 to 500 men and, of course, help to make a large and progressive place.

Speaking with Mr. Matthews, Secretary of the Western Stock Growers' Association, about he mange trouble, he said it had been found mostly in spots and that at the two dipping stations (one at Medicine Hat and the other a few miles east of Macleod) about 500 head had been dipped.

The grass this year has been very rank and considerable loss has been occasioned by blackleg in herds which were not vaccinated in time. Although there was fear earlier in the season on the score of winter feed, this seems to have all passed away. The grass has ripened well and is very long and strong, and up to about the middle of October more or less hay was still being put up. In fact, some say the prospects for winter were never better. The steer round up was turning out very well, the steers coming in off the range in splendid condition and averaging about \$45 per head for three-year-olds and upwards.

Glencross.

A representative of The Farmer had the pleasure of paying a visit to the farm of Nelson Bedford, at Glencross. He is a brother of S. A. Bedford, the well-known and capable superintendent of the Brandon Experimental Farm. Mr. Bedford's farm is situated on the eastern slope of the first rise of the Pembina Mountains, about seven miles south of Morden. Immediately back of the buildings steep hills, well wooded, afford a perfect shelter from winds and storms. Owing to this shelter Mr. Bedford has a beautiful situation for a garden and he has taken full advantage of it. Not only has he a nice garden but also a fine orchard of plums and crab apples. The yield this year was rather light, but last year the crab apples bore very heavily, one

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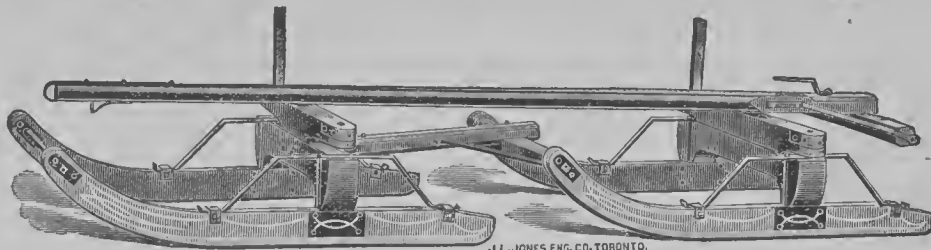
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Trancendent tree having no less than twenty-five pails. The Hyslop is doing well, too, and this year every tree of bearing age had some fruit on it. In all, there are about 50 fruit trees in the orchard, one-half of which had fruit on this year. He intends to plant quite a few more trees next spring.

Mr. Bedford has a section and a quarter of land, of which about 225 acres are under cultivation, the balance being hay land and pasture. He keeps about 135 head of good Shorthorn grade cattle. His herd is now headed by the Shorthorn bull, Manitoba Chief, well known to our readers as the sire that stood at the head of Andrew Graham's herd at Pomeroy. This bull won great honors as a sire at Winnipeg this year on account of so many of his get finding their way into the prize list. He is now six years old and in fine shape.

The barn, as the illustration in another place will show, is one of the finest in Manitoba. It is 106 x 50 feet, built on a 10 ft. stone wall. The stables are commodious, well laid out and will hold 12 horses and 100 head of cattle. The outside walls of the barn above the foundation are 18 ft. to the eaves and the purline posts are 23 ft. high. This gives room for several hundred tons of hay besides granary, etc. A geared mill on the barn supplies power for pumping, crushing grain and running the straw cutter.

Some Cattle Breeders at Lacombe and Innisfail.

Realizing to an extent the important part that the raising of good cattle must play in the future development of Alberta, we feel it worth while to make mention of any worthy efforts toward improvement which come under our notice. A somewhat hurried run amongst a few of the farmers around Lacombe showed us that a number of them at least are wide awake to the importance of keeping none but the best. A few registered bulls have been brought into the district, and there is noticeable that spirit of progressiveness and inquiry amongst quite a few of the other settlers which is a pretty sure indication that next year will see the incoming of other animals of the same kind.

But a visit to some of the herds of registered stock here is all that is required to show us that there is being some pretty good stock raised right around the town. The writer was unable to visit a number of other herds of which he heard very good reports, but called upon Messrs. Peter and Henry Talbot, who live near the town, and was not disappointed. These men came from near Guelph, Ontario, and we think it is pretty safe to say that they knew

a good deal about Shorthorn cattle before they came to the west. Peter lives south and west of the town about two miles. A reference to our report of the Calgary fair will show with what splendid success he exhibited at that point this year. Out of something like twenty or more others at home there were not a few which it would have been no discredit to have had forward. Without going into any details in regard to individual animals, we might say that Mr. Talbot possesses a lot of first-class breeding cows and a number of heifers and calves which would do no discredit to herds much more widely known. Not only has he been raising good stock himself, but he has been adding quite frequently from the best eastern herds. His bull, Goldsmith, which took second place at Calgary, and was very much admired in the ring, was bred by Arthur Johnston, of Greenwood, Ontario. He is a large dark red, having a beautiful head, with the width of frame, the evenness of flesh, the size and the quality which go to make up a first-class bull. He carries good bone, is a bright, active beast, and handles well. The string of young bulls which ran away with first, second and third at Calgary, had one or two more behind them at home which were of the same stamp.

We deem it no disgrace to Mr. Talbot's cattle, however, and a credit to himself to say that he is a good feeder and takes good care of his stock—qualities, by the way, which have always been inseparably the attendants of success in pure bred stock raising. Walking through his fields in harvest time we passed through oat crops five feet high or over, and about as heavy as one ever comes across. Turnips are raised to a certain extent and give very large yields. We have seen rape fields not a few, but think we must give first place to Mr. Talbot as a grower of rape. His crop this year was sowed in drills, had been cultivated and stood in harvest time at least 3½ feet high. It was simply wonderful. He has some very good pieces of Brome and adds his testimony to its worth.

What we have said about Peter would largely be true of Henry also. This brother, who lives on the opposite side of the town, started breeding Shorthorns by bringing some good ones from Ontario seven years ago, and has now about twenty head. Some few of his earliest cows are still in the herd and look well. His herd bull, Hillcrest Prince, is a very straight red fellow, a good useful bull, bred by another brother, D. Talbot, of Everton, Ontario. The cows and young stock were all running in the field and were a very creditable lot.

Having just a short time at Innisfail on a recent visit, we ran down three miles south to see the Grand View Ranch owned by James Wilson. We had heard of Mr.

Wilson as a Shorthorn breeder, and it is not unlikely that this had something to do with our singling his place out as being of interest. We found that Mr. Wilson had picked up the foundation stock of his herd from some Manitoba breeders a year or two ago, and that he is now nicely in the way to a more extended business in this line. He has now about a dozen pure bred animals. His bull, Klondyke Boy, bred by Geo. Rankin & Sons, Hamiota, Man., was sired by Royal Scot and grand-sired by Barmpton Boy. He is a red three-year-old, well and evenly made. Some young bulls from seven to ten months old took our eye, however, and pleased us a good deal. One, Star of Grand View, is a particularly thick-set, low and evenly fleshed calf. Mr. Wilson's young stock is a very creditable lot all round, and he has got together the nucleus of what can soon be widened into a large and good herd.

An Important Question.

The case of J. J. McHugh against the department of public works for damages sustained by reason of the Macleod bridge across the Old Man's river being out of repair, came up before Judge Burbridge, of the Exchequer Court in Calgary, on the 25th and 26th of Sept. Mr. McHugh was seriously injured in the season of 1897 by being thrown from his horse while crossing the bridge, by reason of the horse getting its foot caught in a hole in the bridge. E. Newcombe, deputy minister of justice, represented the department of justice. Mr. Conybeare, of Lethbridge, appeared for the department, and Senator Lougheed for Mr. McHugh. The evidence taken, in the opinion of the judge, established the facts as to the injury suffered and its cause. The question of the responsibility of the Dominion Government in the matter will be argued out in Ottawa. This case is of special interest as bringing up the general question of responsibility for keeping public works in repair. This the Dominion Government is not inclined to admit. But it is something that should be definitely settled.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Narrow-Minded.

"Can you sing?" the robin asked,
And the chicken said, "No;"
But asked in turn
If the robin could crow.
So the bird sought a tree,
And the chick a wall,
And each thought the other
Knew nothing at all.



The Threshers at Petrel.

They have a caboose,
It is hung rather loose,
And lined up with beds all around,
These are sown thick with wheat
Which is not very neat,
But their slumbers are none the less
sound.

The engine was blowing,
The separator throwing
The straw away up in the air,
And the boys with black faces
Put on their best paces
And worked while the weather was fair.

With us Sunday they spent,
Oh! how the bread went,
With meat and potatoes galore!
And when the sun set
We did not regret
That next day the "feed" would be o'er.

Oh, the meat that we slashed
And the dishes we washed,
And the pies that we scattered broadcast.
How we shivered with dread
As we got out of bed
At five, till the threshing was past!

The "Man with the Hoe"
Will soon have to go,
But the thresher is with us to stay,
For people must eat
So they'll have to grow wheat
Until this old world's passed away.

Now lest you get tired,
Or I should get mired,
I think I will have to give o'er,
The clock strikes eleven,
I must rise before seven,
So to one and all "Au revoir."

—Maple Leaf.

Farming a Business.

How strange it is that farmers look upon storekeepers, manufacturers and others as being in business, but never seem to think that they are in business themselves. Every farmer admits that it is right and proper for a storekeeper or manufacturer to be pushing and keenly alive to the best side of a bargain, to study his business, to use every means at his command to make it successful and to seize every opportunity offered to profit by the fluctuation of market values. But when one tries to point out that a farmer is also a business man—a manufacturer, the farmer invariably exclaims: "Oh! I am only a farmer." Meaning that these things have nothing to do with him or he with them. Because his father and grandfather plowed, sowed and reaped in certain ways he must do so too; because they kept stock and half fed them he must do so too. He has been compelled to use improved machinery because the advantages of doing so were made so patent to him that he could not help seeing them. The application of business principles, however, to farm work, methods and life seems to come slowly.

The manufacturer has to buy his raw materials the best he can, then by the aid of machinery and tools of various kinds convert it into marketable products at the least possible cost. The goods when placed on the market must be up-to-date in style and finish and what the people want. His success will depend on

the energy, skill and business acumen he applies. A great success usually means a lot of very close study of all the factors and conditions entering into the question. The farmer is a manufacturer also. His land and his skill are the raw products with which he has to work. His horses, implements, etc., are the tools and machinery he uses to manufacture from the raw material marketable products. When we carry the thought a step further and add to his raw materials the crops he raises, it makes him more than a manufacturer, for then his cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry become the machinery in his hands with which to manufacture the raw products—his crops—into beef, milk, mutton, wool, pork, poultry and eggs. In dairy farming the work of manufacturing is carried a step farther again and the milk as a raw product is manufactured into butter or cheese.

The handling of these raw products in the most successful way calls for skill of no mean order. No man thinks of going into manufacturing any line of goods unless he knows something about it. Yet the idea is prevalent that any one can farm. Perhaps that is one reason why so many farmers have not succeeded on their farms as well as they should have done. They are like a man who has started manufacturing a line of goods about which he does not know anything. Before he gets the business learned he has to go under.

Then, too, the methods of manufacturing are constantly changing, owing to new ideas in style and to the introduction of new and improved machinery. There is a constant and steady advance being made to what are thought higher and better methods. The same thought applies to the farm. In our western country changes come rapidly and farmers must be alive to them as they come. Working hard for six months growing wheat is not all a farmer should undertake. No manufacturer would keep his plant working only six months in the year. Machinery rusts out as well as wears out. Then skilled labor would likely cost nearly double if there is only work half the time. Hence a manufacturer, if he makes an article that he can work at only half the time, contrives to combine with it something else that will keep his plant in operation and his workmen together. At the same time he studies to make money by doing so. So every farmer should study how to keep his manufacturing establishment at full work twelve months in the year. There are difficulties in the way it is true, but there are grand opportunities on every hand for those men who will awake to the possibilities that lie before them.

The longer the country is settled the more one sees that it is a permanent abiding place and therefore farm homes and outbuildings are being made more comfortable. With this come more opportunities to take advantage of some of the many possibilities that are presented—more beef, mutton, pork, milk, butter, poultry and eggs. This will require the application of more brains, more energy and skill. On hundreds of our farms the yearly business could be greatly enlarged by the application of good, hard, clear thinking, by which the end and object in view of every operation could be seen from start to finish. We want more of this definite aim in our work upon the farm. Business men have it, why should not farmers?

T. N. Willing, in a recent address on the weed question, in order to show the enormous losses which might be sustained, stated that two millions of sheep had been fed upon the screenings from the St. Paul and Minneapolis elevators in one season.

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Horse and Cattle Food

R. H. PEEL, ESQ.,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir,—In reference to "Peel's Horse and Cattle Food," I take much pleasure in saying that it is the best conditioner I have yet used. I had a horse that was completely run down, and after using several other foods and condition powders without success, I tried yours, and the result was far beyond my most sanguine expectations; in a few weeks he was a different looking horse. Being so well pleased with it I went out and sold to seventy or eighty parties and have yet to find one who would not recommend it.

Yours truly,

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A Great Irrigation Scheme.

Being in the town of Lethbridge recently, a Farmer representative called at the office of the Canadian Northwest Irrigation Co. to find out how the work in connection with the big irrigation scheme which the company have in hand was going forward. After a short conversation with Supt. McGrath, we were introduced to G. G. Anderson, the chief engineer, and this gentleman kindly showed us the maps and charts of the work and gave us particulars as to the progress being made. The magnitude of the work undertaken is indeed very great.

The water for this immense system is taken from the St. Mary's River (a branch of considerable importance of the Belly River, which flows into the South Saskatchewan), being first drained off at about five miles from the international boundary. The channel required is twenty feet wide in the bottom and five feet of water is carried. After being conducted for a number of miles, Willow Creek is crossed, requiring two trestled flumes. These flumes are set upon trestle work thirty feet high and one section alone is 784 feet long. They are sixteen feet wide and carry five feet of water. After crossing township 2, range 24, west 4, the water is turned into Spring Coulee, a natural depression. This coulee is used for about twelve miles, the water level dropping 400 feet. Another cut of about two miles connects Spring Coulee with Pothole Creek, another natural waterway, which is used for twelve miles. About five miles of very heavy ditching takes the water out of this creek and carries it out on the bench land, where it is dropped for six miles into Nine Mile Coulee. At this point the system becomes forked, and one channel of about twenty miles is run eastwards to about three miles south of Stirling, where its waters are run into a creek, while the left branch is continued northward, aiming at the present time to terminate at the town of Lethbridge.

To show how far up on the roof of the continent this part of the country really is, it may be of interest to note that the waters of the right branch flow southward into the Gulf of Mexico and those of the left branch fall back into the Belly River and go on to Hudson's Bay. A rise or fall of six inches in the water at the forking of these branches determines whether the flow shall be to the torrid or to the frigid zone.

The length of main channels now completed or under construction aggregates sixty miles, besides the many lengths of natural channels which are used. The amount of land made available for irrigation purposes by the system so far as it has already been projected, will be between 150,000 and 200,000 acres. Amongst the earliest farm lands to receive attention, however, will be townships 6, in ranges 19, 20 and 21, and township 5, range 22. Arrangements have been made with the Mormon Church in Utah for the settlement of 16,000 or 20,000 acres and the new Mormon settlements at McGrath and Stirling will be amongst the first supplied. These two places have sprung into existence this year and number now about 50 to 75 families each, proposing to cultivate 6,000 or 8,000 acres in each settlement. It is estimated that altogether about 1,000 people have flocked into this part of the country this season. Next year other lands will be opened up for colonization. The engineer declares that the water supply is sufficient for half a million of acres, and says that although he has done a deal of engineering in the U.S., this is the best

river he ever saw from which to draw, as its supply is so steady, probably flowing in the mountains through a series of lakes. An agreement has been made with the town of Lethbridge to deliver water there by May, 1st, 1899.

When it is considered that this one company owns 60 miles of main ditches out of 314 miles now recorded at Regina by 147 different companies and individuals, that both the water supply and the nature of the country admit of a wonderful extension of the system already under construction and that the natural richness of the country, when irrigated, stands already as a demonstrated fact, it will be seen that the Canadian Northwest Irrigation Land Co. and the movements which they have in hand are destined to figure as important factors in the development of a large tract of land in that great country ---Southern Alberta.

Cars Carrying Weed Seeds.

At some of the elevators we have noticed that the blast from the cleaners throws the dust out on the track. If a car should stand under this blast it will be sure to be loaded up with weed seeds which are also blown out with the dust, etc. These seeds lodge in cracks on the roof and other places of the cars and scatter off as the car moves along the track to either grow where they fall or be blown and carried on to the fields. Look out for these seed distributing elevators.

Far North Wheat.

The Edmonton Bulletin reports that E. J. Lawrence has just come in from Fort Vermilion, on the Peace River, 350 miles north of Edmonton, and has brought with him some surprising samples of the grain grown on his farm. Red Fyfe and Ladoga wheat, oats and barley—on the straw, some of it nearly 6 ft. long and fully matured, are samples of crops sown on April 24th and reaped on August 26th. The weather has been extra wet all summer, which interfered both with the ripening and harvesting. Mr. Lawrence has been growing grain there for the last 20 years without failure and only once, in 1884, were they frozen. He has 3,000 bus. of yield from this year's crop, with 100 acres under cultivation. In the settlement are about 300 acres in all under cultivation, and 400 head of cattle. This favorable climate so far north is due to Chinook winds and perhaps also to the crops being grown on flats well sheltered from the north.

Manure for Alkali Land.

Captain Leese, of Holmfild, Man., has had protracted experience with alkali, with which some parts of his land are pretty much saturated. It is well known that farmyard manure has been very useful on such land, but Captain Leese has found straw alone very useful in the same way. The plot to be treated is thickly loaded with straw, which is left to decay lets in the air to the tough clay and per to some extent and then plowed in. This haps some of the acid salts are drained off at the same time, so that the surface becomes fit for growing such varieties as are least liable to injury from the alkali. It is worth while for others similarly situated to give this matter their attention. Straw is pretty frequently burnt to get it out of the way, but if turned to account in this way it answers a two-fold purpose, both helping to start the land on a course

of profitable cropping and adding to the soil all the manurial value that is in the straw.

Captain Leese also informs us that he had a choice crop of potatoes on a patch of land from which a spreading of rough manure had been burnt off. The burning presented the potash in the straw in a readily available form, and perhaps the land itself got benefit from the fire.

In response to a request from an exhibitor at the Saskatoon Fair, we publish the awards in registered stock, as follows: Two-year-old Shorthorn bull, 1, D. Lusk; 2, T. Copland. Bull calf, 1, Jos. Caswell; 2, J. J. Caswell. Shorthorn cow, any age, 1, J. J. Caswell; 2, T. Copland. Two-year-old heifer, 1 and 2, Jos. Caswell. Yearling heifer, 1 and 2, Jos. Caswell. Heifer calf, 1, J. J. Caswell; 2, Jos. Caswell. Pig, any age, 1, J. J. Caswell; 2, T. Copland. Brood sow, 1, Capt. Andrews; 2, T. Griffith. Boar, 1, Capt. Andrews; 2, M. Cherry.

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Canada for Canadians.

Manitoba and the Northwest as seen by an Ontario Observer.

To the Editor:—

Sir,—I have just returned to Ontario after a very enjoyable tour extending over several lines of railway in Manitoba and along the C.P.R. as far as Calgary and north to Edmonton. Since coming back, I have been asked by many: "Which part of that Northwest country do you like best?" and my reply has invariably been, "There is a choice, but it depends largely on what your bent is. Do you wish to go into stock or grain? Large tracts of that vast country are best adapted for wheat or other cereals as well as for vegetables, while such land is not so good for stock owing to lack of meadow and being too dry. Other portions have abundance of meadow, are just ideal feeding grounds, but only a small part of these lands is arable. On the other hand, by far the greater portion of the whole territory is mixed prairie and meadow, and therefore diversified farming must prevail as a general thing."

It is certainly a wonderful country, and to think—and this surprises me greatly—that it has lain so long practically unknown to the outer world, is certainly a puzzle. The influx of settlers which seems now to have set in from the States to the south, from Ontario and Great Britain and from foreign countries, notably Iceland, Galicia and Russia, will soon bring into the greatest prominence its undoubted resources and features of absorbing interest, and these must soon win for it a name as the very best country for general agriculture on the face of the globe. In fine, it is the country of food products. The rapid development of our Canadian Northwest is of momentous interest to Ontario and Eastern Canada generally, for we must supply the farmer with his necessary utensils and implements, unless we permit ourselves to be crowded out by our very enterprising neighbors to the south. Apropos of this, during my travels, I saw some danger arising from two sources; on the one hand the apparent determination of American makers to push trade at any cost, and on the other the lack of patriotism on the part of many farmers, who allow themselves, through the persistency of agents, to become customers of the Americans, in the face of the fact that the Canadian is a better and in the long run a much cheaper implement. Only a short time ago, I read a letter from Sydney, Australia, in which the correspondent of the Monetary Times says: "A Canadian was struck with the singular sign which faced the main entrance of the agricultural exhibition recently held here." It read: "American binders, £45; no signed order required, and if no crop, no delivery." He found, on inquiry, this offer had been in force for five years. Nevertheless Canadian dealers were getting £60 for their binders with signed orders. "Why," said he, "in Canada I have seen farmers who profess they would pay \$20 more for an American than for a Canadian binder, but here where they meet on common ground the farmer pays \$75 more for the Canadian. How is it?" He was told the Canadians stand the wear and tear where the others would not."

My trip has been full of great lessons, and I learned among other things what a vast, and in the near future, incomprehensibly rich heritage the Dominion has in the great illimitable Northwest country. It is no wonder the American covets the trade, and is trying by might and main, by force and strategy, to lay hands on it. How easy it is for the great fac-

tories in Chicago to turn out a few thousand machines over and above their legitimate needs, and, having the advantage of freight rates, and entering them at a very low value, throw these into Manitoba. And how convenient to gather up the refuse after the harvest south of the line is over and send north the surplus stock and all sorts of past and bygone machinery. Those machines are offered to everyone who will buy at whatever they will fetch, and on any sort of terms. Any kind of customers, good or bad, seem to answer; every sort of device to get him to purchase is resorted to; cajolery goes with some; to some a tempting horse trade is offered, anyway and anyhow to effect a sale and, though a good Briton and denizen of Canada should feel proud of the resources and manufactures of his own country, yet, in too many instances, patriotism goes to the wall and blandishment or pique or wrongheadedness wins the day. Afterward the dupe finds he has an inferior machine and in the sure event of a breakdown is without the needed repairs at hand.

The Australian, like the farmer in the British Isles, has tried the Canadian and having found it superior to every competitor, is willing to give merit its just reward, and religiously patronizes the Canadian. And the Australian goes still further, and is willing to pay more for what he has found and believes to be the best. Among the farmers of the Northwest I found the people everywhere loyal to the British flag, but in too many instances there was no patriotism toward or consideration for the Canadian trade.

It seems a great pity that a foreigner should receive greater consideration than one of our own kin, and, while I am quite willing to remain on good terms with my neighbor, I do not think I am called upon to furnish him with the means of livelihood and contribute to his trade with corresponding profit to swell his bulging pocket, when at the same time he puts up and keeps up a big fence to prevent me trading on his side of the line. Canadians must be patriotic and true to themselves or it will soon dawn on them that they are but the tools and the property of the Americans. In no branch of trade has the patriot so good a chance to show his patriotism as in this farm implement business. Let the Canadian farmer resolve to give his trade to his Canadian friends who offer him better goods at fair prices, at as low figures as the American does to his own people; and, until the latter opens his doors and permits trade on equal terms, let him be infused with true British instincts and refuse to give his custom and trade to those who reject every offer of fair trade on equal ground. So long as the high wall of the American tariff keeps Canadian trade north of the boundary, so long will the American try for the Canadian trade and make Canada its slaughtering and dumping ground, and just so long should Canadians generally, and especially Canadian farmers, stick to their real friends, the Ontario manufacturers, who supplies the best goods at fair prices, and combines honest dealings with liberal usage.

I am aware that at present the Canadian implements, including harvesting and threshing machinery generally, have the largest sale, and are giving the greatest satisfaction, but, Mr. Editor, as I said before, I scent danger, and therefore desire to emphasize the need of sticking to the motto "Canada for British Canadians."

WM. DOUGLAS.

Chatham, Ont., Oct. 12.

Jas. Russell, Longlaketon, Assa.: "No progressive farmer can be without The Nor'-West Farmer."—Nov. 14, 1899.

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Secret Temper, Cross-cut Saw.



WE take pleasure in offering to the public a saw manufactured of the finest quality of steel and a temper which toughens and refines the steel, gives a keener cutting edge and holds it longer than by any process known. A saw, to cut fast, "must hold a keen cutting edge."

This secret process of temper is known and used only by ourselves.

These saws are elliptic ground thin back, requiring less set than any saws now made, perfect taper from tooth to back.

Now, we ask you, when you go to buy a saw, to ask for the Maple Leaf, Razor Steel, Secret Temper Saw, and if you are told that some other saw is as good, ask your merchant to let you take them both home and try them, and keep the one you like the best.

Silver steel is no longer a guarantee of quality, as some of the poorest steel made is now branded silver steel. We have the sole right for the "Razor Steel" brand.

It does not pay to buy a saw for one dollar less and lose 25c. per day in labor. Your saw must hold a keen edge to do a large day's work.

Thousands of these saws are shipped to the United States and sold at a higher price than the best American saws.

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WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS,

McIntyre Block, - WINNIPEG.

Annual Meeting of the North-West Entomological Society.

The first annual meeting of the North-west Entomological Society of Canada was held at Lacombe, Alta., on Tuesday, the 7th November, 1899. Agriculturists were well represented. Griffin Fletcher, Esq., J.P., took the chair.

Letters were read from Dr. James Fletcher, of Ottawa, Dr. L. P. Howard, of Washington, the United States Government Entomologist, C. W. Peterson, Dep. Commissioner of Agriculture for the Northwest Territories, the Bishop of Calgary and Saskatchewan, Dr. Sanson, of Banff, F. Oliver, M.P., and a very large number of other gentlemen interested in entomology and agriculture, expressing fullest sympathy with the object of the meeting. C. W. Peterson, in his letter, stated that it was estimated that the loss to farmers in the United States amounted to three hundred million dollars annually from insects alone.

The president of the society, Percy B. Gregson, addressed the meeting upon the "Use of Entomology to Farmers." Entomology meant merely the learning something about insects, and it was necessary that farmers should be able to recognize which were their insect foes, and to know how to deal with them, and that they should also know which were their insect friends. Among our insect foes are the cutworm, the red turnip beetle, the Hessian fly and the Colorado beetle, all of which have caused farmers heavy loss in the Northwest, and for all of which there are remedies well tested and efficacious. Among our insect friends, which live on cutworms and wireworms, are many of our common field beetles, of which the president exhibited several examples, which were handed round the meeting for inspection. Our insect friends should be known to every farmer and carefully protected. In view of the large immigration now being attracted to the Northwest from foreign lands (Swedes, Russians, Bohemians, Galicians, etc.) there was danger of new insects and weeds being imported, and farmers should be on the watch. Mr. Gregson stated here his willingness to give monthly addresses or sketches in the local public schools of Lacombe, Waghorn, etc., before the children and their parents of the life of some insect or some other phase of nature; and to convene at various points in Alberta quarterly meetings of the members of the society, to which farmers and the general public would be particularly invited—for the special purpose of comparing experiences and receiving accounts of new insects and weeds from distant correspondents; and to submit short papers on insects and remedies, etc. (which the secretary would be asked to read), for discussion before the regular annual meetings of the agricultural societies—beginning with next December.

An extremely interesting address by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, F.R.S.C., of London, Ontario, editor of the "Canadian Entomologist," was then read, pointing out the danger of new insects being imported, and the value of some knowledge of insects in enabling the farmer to cope with them. Dr. Bethune advocated the instruction of the young folk in insect life, by simple and easy stages. He observed that even an hour a week devoted to such object would be of untold benefit in after years.

The chairman then read a valuable address by Dr. Henry George, of Innisfail, Alta., on the pocket-gopher. Dr. George pointed out that this animal is essentially a rodent or gnawing animal, and not insectivorous. It lives almost exclusively on roots of grasses, grains and garden

vegetables, and should therefore be reckoned amongst the farmers' foes.

An address by H. H. Lyman, M.A., the president of the Entomological Society of Ontario, was then read, advocating the importance of farmers noting carefully the habits, food and description of any particular insect pest which was troubling them.

Numerous letters in support of the president's proposals were next read from members of the society, including A. W. Hanham, of Winnipeg, E. F. Heath, of Cartwright, etc.

The officers of the society for the ensuing year were then elected, P. B. Gregson remaining the president, the Rev. M. White, of Lacombe, was elected vice-president; P. B. Gregson, Waghorn, secretary and treasurer; A. D. Gregson, J.P., of Waghorn, librarian and curator; and as additional members of council there were elected the Rev. J. Hinchliffe, Red Deer; W. Wenman, Red Deer; T. N. Willing, Olds, and F. H. Wolley-Dod, Calgary.

A. McLay, Horse Hills, Alta., reports threshing 100 bushels of oats to the acre from 39 acres.

Swan Lake wants a \$5,000 elevator and a meeting was held there on Nov. 3 to set the ball a-rolling.

Stable doors sheeted inside with painted sheet iron will be not likely to swell and twist out of shape during the winter.

Robert Lounsbery, near Strathcona, Alta., threshed 332½ bushels of oats by weight from 2½ acres, over 132 bushels per acre.

The people of Ohlen, Assa., who combined to purchase a steam threshing outfit this fall, find that their joint investment gives solid satisfaction, besides being a financial success.

Alex. Cameron, a Cypress River farmer, who has been up at Swan River examining some land, says that the Galicians build a better stack than has ever before been seen in the Northwest.

The Deloraine grist-mill is being turned over to the Ontario Milling & Manufacturing Co. and it is intended to enlarge the mill by an addition 40x38 ft., to put in additional new machinery and to increase the capacity to 150 bbls. per day. The water supply has been unsatisfactory so far, and this has retarded the success of the mill, but it is hoped that this matter will be satisfactorily adjusted.

Alberta feeders find that the price of mill feed there is about one-quarter more than it can be obtained for in Manitoba. The trouble is no doubt due to the lack of enough flour mills throughout the Territory. Get more of these in operation and use the home made flour instead of the imported article. This ought to remedy this trouble. If it doesn't then the feeders must depend more on home grown feeds and buy less mill feed.

Canadian dealers in hay are supplying a considerable quantity of pressed hay for the Transvaal. A large quantity of the hay sent has been pressed in Lowry bales. Three tons of hay pressed in Lowry bales can be stowed in the space occupied by one ton pressed in the ordinary way. The saving effected by this allowed 1,000 more tons of hay to be shipped in the consignment. This means a saving per ton in freight to the war office. To accomplish this the hay had to be shipped at Boston, where the Lowry press was, but steps are being taken to erect several Lowry presses in Canada, so that in the future hay can be pressed into the smallest space possible for ocean shipment.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

BARLEY WANTED.

We are now in the market for

GOOD BREWING BARLEY

Farmers threshing early will do well to forward us samples.

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Redwood Factories, WINNIPEG.

DON'T MISS THIS!

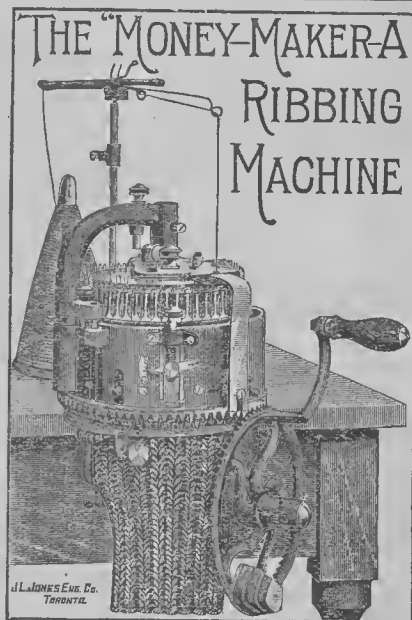
These Trees will Grow.

I have this year an exceptionally good stock of
**FRUIT BEARING PLANTS AND
TREE SEEDLINGS.**
and offer for fall delivery Strong Seedling Trees at
\$5.00 per 1000, or

A Collection for \$5.00

To consist of 100 maple or cottonwood seedlings, 100 southernwood or willow cuttings, for hedges, 100 raspberry (4 var.), 25 currant and gooseberry (4 var.), 6 rhubarb. The fruits are bearing sizes and the varieties the best suited to the climate.

H. L. PATMORE, Brandon, Man.



If you want a Knitting Machine that will knit Underwear, Socks, Mitts, Toques, or anything you want, either ribbed or plain, you can get one that will last you a life-time at a reasonable price at

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Black Skunk, \$1.25.

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Ballade of Ye Backslidden Miller.

Lithe ye and listen, gentils alle,
Give heede untoe my songe;
Now drawe ye neare and ye shalle heare
Of a good man gone wronge.

He was, in soothe, a godlie man
As ere ye looked uppon;
Hys neighbours alle did trewly calle
Hym "Honest Unele John."

No dogge durst wagge hys tonge at hym,
For it would naught availe;
When yat he'd meet him on ye streete
He'd simpleye wagge hys taile.

He ranne a mille in Somerset,
And ranne it passynge welle,
Till guileful arte did spoyle hys harte
And prayse hys head did swelle.

No rat durst wallow in hys meale—
Hys mille was neate as waxe—
And in no wyse durst filthie flies
Roost round uppon hys sackse.

No tolle so smalle as that he tooke;
"Light tolle, large trayde," quod he.
Ye meale he sold was goode as gold
And fresh and faire to see.

Aboute ye boundes of Somerset,
O'er everie vayle and hille,
Did spread hys fame and straungers came
To honest John, hys mille.

Ye goodwyves said yat John hys bread
Did ryse uppe like ye larke;
No flour was badde yat ever hadde
Emprynted, "John, hys marke."

When yat John saw hys goodlie fame
Redowndynge to hys weale,
He made straightwaye ye sign "H.J."
A traydemarke for hys meale.

And eunnynge men he hired then
With peneyl, paynte and brush,
To mark ye fence with this sentence:
"Eat Honest John, hys Mush."

Ye roadsyde fences ye shall see
Untoe this verie houre
Writ thereupon: "Eat Honest John,
Hys Dandie Paneayke Floure."

John's miller rivals grudged to view
Hys virtues thus displayde,
For he did gette in Somerset
Ye cream of all ye trayde.

They cried him downe throughout ye
towne,
They lied aboute hys corne,
But all did goe to simplie blow
Old Honest John, hys horne.

But false is fleetyng vanitie;
And know, ye gentils alle,
This trewth beside, Yat sillie pryde
Goes swift before a falle.

John gave hys wyfe no eredit for
Hys riehe and goodlie weale;
He could not see yat it was she
Had been hys ballance wheale.

Soe it did hap to John yat when
He needed her ye moste,
As was Godde's wille, she fell on ille,
And yielded uppe ye ghoste.

And to ye shame of John, hys name,
(Soe weake is earthlie moulde)
He chose him oute a seconde wyfe
Before ye corpe was colde.

John wedded him ye hired girl
And, at their owne behests,
Ye funeral meates and wyne and sweets
Did feed ye weddinge gnest.

Ye gossip of ye neighbourhoode,
An olde and shrewish mayde,
Quod: "'Tis ye rule, they be no foole
Like an olde foole," she sayde.

Ye goodwyves of ye countresyde
They straightwaye 'gan to feel
Yat not so goode for human foode
Was Honest John, hys meale.

Ye rival miller man yat John
Had laid uppon ye shelve,
When he heard that, he straightwaye gat
A hump uppon hymselfe.

A bag of floure to every wyfe
Under hys hand and seale
He sent prepayde, on which he sayde:
"Eat Trewthful James, hys meale."

A coupon putte he in ye bagge
Tellynge ye goodwyves how
To use ye same on a small game
Of raffle on hys cow.

Soe it befelle, ere Honest John
His honeymoon was spent,
He found hys trayde throwne in ye shade
By eighty-five per cente.

Hys sillie wyfe did vex hys lyfe
With her unwyse demands;
She wanted diamondes on hyr neckke
And rubies on hyr handes.

With parties, balles and stylish calles
And vanities like these,
She ate intoe hys banke accounte
Like rats intoe ye cheese.

He who doth gette whyle at ye toppe
Ye neighbour, hys good wille,
Doth passynge quicke get hys goode kick
Whyle going downe ye hille.

Now, in ye boundes of Somerset,
Near to ye Devon line,
A villaine badde at that tyme hadde
A terra alba mine.

Ye stuffe he dug uppe at ye rate
Of twenty tons an houre,
Had, by gadzooks! ye verie looks
Of John, hys pancayke floure.

Ye devil putte it in ye harte
Of thys ungodlie wight
To John beguile, by artful wyle,
And doe hym sore despyghte.

To John dystressed and poorly dressed
And runne downe at ye heele,
He slyly wente wyth ye intente
To poyson John, hys meale.

"Dear sir," quod he, "I'm payned to see
Yat you doe looke soe tough;
For your eomplaynte I will acquaynte
You with some good hot stuffe."

"A sample have I in my gryppe
Of terra alba meale
Yat smoothes enow ye wrinkled brow
And knits ye raveled heele."

"Mix this uppe with youre pancayke
floure
And handle it a while,
And ye shall gette results, you bette,
Will make ye desert smyle."

"Now, I will sell this meale to you
At two pound ten per ton;
Putte f. o. b. at mine by me,
Or cash at two pound one."

John rubbed ye sample in hys palm
And smelt of it ye while,
Then tasted it, and quicklie spitte
And sayde, "This stuffe be vyle."

"Ye sample yat ye shew to me
Is naught but filthie elay;
It is ynough, pack uppe ye stuffe
And chase yourselfe awaye."

Ye rascal leaned baekke in hys chaire
And blandly smyled a smyle,
And blew ye smoke, and thus he spoke,
Ye villaine rank and vyle,

"Mankynde is made of elay, and eke
God madē ye earthe, I ween;
Saynte Peter sayd what God hath made
Ye shall not eaffe uneleane."

"Ye sayntes are good ynough for me,
You bette youre honest lyfe!
What doe ye thinke?" Then he did wynke
At Honest John, hys wyfe.

When yat we parley with ye fiende
Ye ende is nigh at kande;
Why is ye minde of man so blinde
This not to understande?

Ye upshotte of ye matter was,
John ordered fifty ton
By night expresse, that none might guesse
Ye deede yat he had done.

Nexte morn ye eryer through ye town
Proclaimed thys wondrous tale:
"Goodwyves, eatch on to Honest John,
Hys great red-figyre sale!"

"To every wyfe in Somerset,
A word untoe ye wyse!
My flour stocke goes on ye bloeke
At a greate saeryfyce."

"Ye overstocke I'm bounde to move
Withoute no more adoe;
To ease ye glut, H. J. will cut
Ye market plumbe in two."

Ye people rushed intoe ye streete
And swarmed adowne ye hille,
From twelve till nine they stooode in line
At Honest John, hys mille.

Ye wyves and daughters, boys and men
Stood waytynge houre by houre
And boughte ye while this verie vyle
Adulterated floure.

That night John hid beneath ye tieke
Hys large, ill-gotten paye;
Ye whiles he slept, hys yonge wyfe crept
And swyped ye same awaye.

Stoode at ye doore ye villaine badde
Ye cause of all this stryfe
And, by ye Pope! he did elope
With Honest John, hys wife.

Nexte morne ye good wyfe of ye towne
Was much alarmed ye whyle—
To fynde ye eayke yat she did bake
Hadde turned intoe a tyle!

A batch of biseuit mixed she uppe
And baked it passynge quicke;
Though white and pleasaut to ye sighte
Ye biseuit was a brieke!

Then rolled she out some loaves of bread,
But eache and everich one
She, much perplexed and doubly vexed,
Saw turn intoe a stone!

Ye goode wyfe ranne intoe ye streete
And lyfted uppe hyr voyee,
And uppe and downe ye little towne
Rose a vehemente noise.

Ye shrilling screme yat rent ye skies
Awaked both man and mouse,
As ye wyld crowde did ery aloud
And runne to John, hys house.

John waked to hear ye women screme,
And roused uppe from hys bedde,
When through ye doore some three or
foure
Pancaykes flew at hys hedde.

And biseuits smashed ye window paynes
And dented in ye floore;
And with ye cake hys flore did make,
They battered downe ye doore.

"Why schoulde ye make thys great to
doe?"
He cryed in wylde alarm;
He rose to stande and lyft hys hande—
A biseuit broke hys arm.

And from ye erowde yat surged aboute
A woman did aryse
Whose aim was good; with angels' food
She hit hym twyxt ye eyes.

And thereupon dropped Honest John
Lyke to a lumpe of leade,
And breathed no more, and from ye floore
They picked hym uppe, one dead.

Ye neighbours made from John, hys
floure,
A tombstone for hys hedde,
Of monstrous syze, which was likewise
Shaped like a loafe of bread.

And writ thereon this epytaph:
"Sic Semper to hys Hurt,
Who on thys Wyse doth dare devyse
To doe hys Neighbour Dirt!"

—By M. O. Nelson, in the Northwestern
Miller.



Source of Wonder.

The more I think of this and that
The more I wonder why a hat
Should be a garden or a hearse,
A chicken coop or even worse—
A natural history parade
Of murdered things in every shade.
The more I wonder why its crown
Should be a landscape, red or brown,
Of autumn leaves, bedecked and strewn
With cherries bright that come in June.
And it is just an idle whim
That builds a plaza for a him,
Then holsters it with plants and flowers,
And litters it with Eiffel towers.
No wonder men are prone to swear
At the obstructions women wear.
The more I think of everything,
From Polar snows to birds in spring,
The more I wonder why a man
Should wear a black inverted can,
The which is dearer to his heart
Than pen can paint or toffee impart.
Or why the sage who can afford
Should sport a crippled mortar board,
Which innocent affair he pops
The instant that the curtain drops.
And here the doughty more I ponder,
For, with an ugly hurst of thunder,
A foot or two into the air
Explodes the things these creatures wear.
No wonder women wonder why
Men blame the harmless things they buy.

—Life.

Start a Literary Society.

How about a literary society in your school district this winter? The ever-revolving cycle of time has brought us to the threshold of another winter, and as human beings were not intended for hibernation, but rather to go right along and develop all the time, we think the season of long evenings and spare hours might be made pleasant and profitable rather than long, dreary and monotonous.

So long as farming entails so much rugged, rough, but withal pleasant, work, so much healthy exercise and so much fresh air, there will be little fear that our sons and daughters will languish for the need of dumb bells or horizontal bars. But while the physical side of these same young people's natures may be in the finest condition, it may be possible that everything is not being done which might be accomplished for the development of the higher faculties.

In this western country, where we have all so lately come to take up the burdens of early settlement, where neighbors have been scarce and busy, and where money has all been needed as it came, the tendency has been to neglect social life, and the young people have been denied the advantages which every true parent wishes for his or her children. But in later years the need for this isolation is not at all necessary in most places.

As a means to a better and broader education, a more thorough knowledge of human nature and a development of manly, sturdy independence, blended with the finer instincts—in short, as a means to the making of the true lady or gentleman—the literary society may easily be made a very helpful factor. Yes, we know that these institutions are scarce in this country, and we know, too, that some parents openly oppose them and that many other parents "don't care," and thus the good that might come from a proper system of social organization is lost. But this does not change human nature one whit, nor yet does it prove that a good work could not be done by a properly conducted literary society. On the other

hand, the writer has seen two or three school districts where active literary societies exist, and we know from observation that the young people in these places—some of them out-of-the-way places, too—are brighter, better posted, more intelligent young people and promise to make better citizens than those in the average community.

There are a few of these societies in Manitoba and as their programme may be of interest, we will give a brief summary of it. The society is named after the school district and meetings are held once a week during winter months in the homes of the various farmers. Strict rules governing the conduct of the members are enforced, and those who do not care to go to behave, to learn, and to do their share, soon find that they are out of their element and seek more congenial company elsewhere. Each evening a lesson is read on some good educational topic. Debates and entertainments are held, and in two rural societies we know very fair stories have been written, each member in turn being called upon to contribute a chapter, and read it at the next meeting. This might seem to be a pretty hard test, but "the secret of success is work," and this sort of work stirs the soil of the mind deeply. Then, too, a circulating library is maintained, good standard works of reference are always on hand and a number of the best periodicals are subscribed for and shared at small expense. The results of this training are a well-read, intelligent class of young people (and old people, too, for all listen and get the benefit, even if they do not actively join the circle) who are able to stand as peers—yea, and above—those who have had the advantages, and the temptations, of town training. What a contrast to the homes, of which, alas, we know so many, where the young men are awkward, unlettered and unfinished, and the girls and young women are a lot of giggling, foolish creatures, whose highest attainment is a sickly perverted sentimentality and whose conversation with the world is limited to a silly discussion of beaux and the current gossip of the neighborhood.

On the subject of "Our Social and National Life," Mr. W. G. Smyth, of Rowena, Ont., has said the following good things: "A literary society is a wonderful incentive to study. Let a young man be given a place in a public debate and we find him seeking information in every direction, and knowledge gained in this way and used in the debate is lasting. Besides the knowledge gained in preparation, the art of public speaking is something that every young man should cultivate. Some of the best speakers sent to the farmers' institute meetings attribute their success to the early training received in literary societies. Church entertainments also afford a good opportunity for the cultivation of social and religious life, and young people should be encouraged to take a deep interest in the work of the church. In these social gatherings in connection with the church the various sects meet together and spend a profitable social hour, and, in this way, a spirit of union is encouraged between the various churches. Not only do the sects meet together, but the sexes also have a chance for friendly meeting, and very often these friendly meetings result in unions too—a union that Dickens has aptly described as "a union of hearts and housekeepings." Added to these outside helps the home should be liberally supplied with reading matter and music. A young man who can find entertainment, recreation and companionship in books and papers will not be apt to get into bad company or

bad habits. But in some country homes there are no books or papers to be found, and how often have we seen the boys from such homes spending their evenings at the dance, or raffle, or the bar-room, or loafing at the country store. The money spent by the boys in these places would have much more than supplied the home with good reading matter. Boys should have ideals set before them. It is said that every boy in the United States starts out in life with the idea that some day he may be president. It would not be a bad idea for every farmer's son to start out with the thought that some day he might be Minister of Agriculture.

We cannot make the ties which bind us to the old home and the old friends too strong. Happy will be the man when in later years he looks back to "the old homestead where his eyes first saw the light; the scenes of his childish sport endeared to him by all the precious memories of father and mother. The homestead! What son of the farm, whether still upon the soil, or struggling for wealth in the fierce competition of the city, or battling with the waves for his bread, has not the dear old spot enshrined in his heart; a place of nightly pilgrimages in dreams?"

But it was the literary society we started to talk about. It may have a part in forming all these ties. If you care to go to Pilot Mound and enquire for Floral or Wood Bay school districts, you may get an additional pointer or two on what we have been trying to tell you.

A Sweeping Cap.

A sweeping-cap which will protect the hair and yet not disarrange it, should be part of the equipment of every housekeeper. A satisfactory one which I have used for years is made with three-quarters of a yard of muslin or cambric a yard or more wide. Fold the goods lengthwise through the centre, and cut like the design shown. Cut the yoke from the piece that comes out of the body of the cap. Gather the cap from B to C, having it plain from C to D. Sew on the yoke, which must, of course, be double; hem the cap; make a buttonhole and put a



button on the yoke. A narrow edge of lace makes a neat trimming. The measurements are: From A to B, twenty-five inches; from C to F, fourteen inches; from D to E, ten inches; from C to D, four inches; from B to C, fifteen inches. The length of the yoke is twenty-five inches; the depth is an inch and three-quarters. Of course, the yoke must be made larger or smaller to fit the head.

This cap is intended to cover all the hair. Let the band come down on the forehead and then fasten it securely under the hair at the back of the head.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Dismal Dawson—"How did it work when you told her you was a yellow fever refugee?"

Everett Wrest—"She kinder grinned and says; 'Oh, yes; I reckon you are about the yellowest fever refugee on the road.'"

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Work Basket.

Make yourself a work-basket out of an old cheese-box, like the one shown in our illustration. You can buy one at the grocer's for a very few cents. They are pretty deep and round, and it should be lined nicely with pink satin. Make the lining, first cut out a round the same size as the bottom of the box, and sew the sides firmly on to this. Then with another strip of satin, narrower, but longer than the sides, make pockets all around, herring-boning with silk the various divisions. When that is complete, tack the bottom of the lining carefully on to the bottom of the box at the seam with very small tacks, and then fix up the top of the sides with tiny furniture nails, and finish it all off with a ruching of ribbon to match. The best way to make the handle is to cut the rim of the lid in half and fix it across the top with two small screws at each side, then make a deep lace-frill,



lined with pink china-silk, with a double casing about an inch wide, in which some strong ribbon may be run to gather it up. Tie this in a bow at each side at the handles, twist ribbon round the handle to cover it, and ornament it with a bow at the top. This basket may either be set on a stool or have three little wooden legs screwed onto it before putting in the lining. I should recommend the latter, as, if set on a stool, it might be put on one side, with the disastrous result of the whole thing being upset, and we know what effect that always has on even the sweetest-tempered needle-woman. The handles of used-up brooms will make nice legs for this should you care to make this more practical than beautiful. Cretonne or denim may be used to line this basket, the flounce can be made of the same material and the side edges can be cut from the whole and used to wind the handle and legs.

Milk for the Baby.

The advantages of sterilized milk when an infant must be brought up on the bottle are undisputed, but even the cheapest of the many forms of sterilizing apparatus is beyond the means of many. Professor Siebert, of New York, describes a method which any one can use. Procure one dozen two-ounce prescription bottles and good corks to match. Cut a small groove up the side of each cork half its length. Fill six of the bottles (enough to run twelve hours) as soon as the milk is milked from the cow or as soon as received, place them in a kettle of water and bring to a boil. The steam will escape through the groove in the cork. After boiling take the bottle out and press the cork in tightly; set away on ice or in a cool

place, and when the baby wants food remove the cork from one vial and apply a rubber nipple, not a germ factory in the shape of a long rubber tube. As the bottles are emptied wash clear of milk and put to soak in strong soda water. By using half of the bottles during the morning and half during the evening they can always be sweet. Fill six at morning and six at evening milking. That gives twelve to twenty-four hours for bottles to soak. The nipples should be washed after each nursing and placed in soda water, turning inside out and cleansing thoroughly.

Gen. Grant as a Laundryman.

It is not always safe to play a practical joke unless you are thoroughly acquainted with your victim. It is sometimes sadly true that "the biter is bitten."

We were gathered around a bright fire in a cozy sitting room. The Colonel, to our great delight, had gone back twenty-four years to his tent at the base of Kearsaw Mountain, and was again, as in those past eventful years, following the banner of Sherman. Suddenly an odd thought flashed into the writer's mind and found expression in a question:

"Colonel," I said, "I have read and heard a great deal about army life; but on one point I was never much enlightened. How was the washing done? Who did it for the soldiers?" A smile stole around the corners of the Colonel's rather stern mouth, his black eyes twinkled.

"Usually the soldiers did it for themselves, but I remember one case where Gen. Grant did some washing for a soldier." Everybody looked up in surprise. Much as we had heard of Gen. Grant's old army blouse and democratic ways among his men, this idea of his washing for a private was very novel. There was a chorus of questions and exclamations.

"Was it really true? Did he wash for the soldiers? How did it happen? Tell us about it?" "Yes," said the Colonel. "It is really true, and it happened in this way. It was during our advance upon Corinth; several soldiers were talking together one day. A tall, ungainly, raw recruit stepped up to them with a bundle of soiled clothes in his hand. 'Do you know where I can get this washing done?' he asked.

"Two of the group were practical jokers; a bright thought flashed into their heads, and as the sequel shows, unfortunately found expression. 'Oh, yes, we know; just go up there with your bundle,' pointing to the head-quarters of Gen. Grant, 'you will see a short, stout man (describing the General), who does washing. Take your bundle to him.'

"The recruit thanked them and walked off in the direction indicated. He gained entrance to headquarters, and stood in the General's presence. 'What can I do for you,' said Gen. Grant. 'I was directed here by a couple of soldiers. They told me that you did washing, and I have a bundle here.'

"Gen. Grant probably enjoyed the situation, but his imperturbable face did not relax. He simply asked the question, 'Could you identify those men again?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Very well, you shall have the chance.'

"Turning to an orderly, he directed him to call a guard to go with the recruit to where the jokers were standing ready to enjoy his discomfiture, and let him identify them. 'Take the men to the guard house, give them this man's bundle of clothing and make them wash it thoroughly. See that the work is well done.'

"The General was obeyed to the letter, and no more bundles of soiled clothes came to Gen. Grant's head-quarters."—Treasure Trove.

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Turning the Tables.

"Them thar city fellers are allers pokin' fun at us 'hayseeds,' as they call us," said Farmer Harix to his better half as they sat on the back porch the other evening, "but, by gum, ef thar's eny human bein' on top o' sod greener nor that city chap what bought the farm jinin' urn, then I'm not a foot high."

"Why, Silas," queried Mrs. Harix, "what in the name of goodness has he been a doin'?"

"Better axt me what he hain't been a doin'," said the old man, "an' mebbey 'twont take so long to tell it. 'Tother day he bought a cow, but he didn't know how to git at the milk, so he axt me to go over an' show him 'bout it. After I'd showed him, he 'lowed it wuz pumped out of the cow by workin' the handle—meanin' the tail."

"Dew tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Harix. "He shore 'nuff must be powerful ignorant."

"Gosh, yes," said the old fellow as he bit off a chunk of tobacco from his pocket piece, "an' that hain't all o' it by a jugful. You know thar's a fine orchard o' nigh onto a hundred apple trees 'tother side o' the barn. Well, what did the dingdod fool do yisterday but go an' tap ev'ry blam'd one o' 'em fer cider. Mebbey the city folks air all-fired smart 'bout town, but they don't know enny more 'bout runnin' a farm than a jackrabbit."—Chicago News.

The best mothers, like poets, are born, not made.

Sword and Plow.

There was once a count, so I've heard it said,
Who felt that his end drew near,
And he called his sons before his bed
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plow, he called for his sword—
That gallant, good and brave—
They brought them both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessing gave:

"My first-horn son, my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain,
My castle on the lordly height,
And all my broad domain.

"On thee, my well-loved younger hoy,
My plow I e'er bestow;
A peaceful life thou shalt enjoy,
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
E'en to their dying day.

"Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight;
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight."

Oh! ask not of me what the end may be;
Ask of the country round;
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,
The height hut desert ground.

But the vale spread wide, in the golden ride

Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honor abides with the plow.

—From German of Wolfgang Muller.

The Extravagance of Mr. Israel Plummer.

"Upon my soul!" said Israel Plummer to himself, "if that ain't Jonas Dodge settin' on his horse-block a-cryin'! What in the world--"

He urged old Fan to a faster walk and presently drew up before the horse-block. Jonas Dodge, with his big red bandana to his eyes, sat weeping---a lonely, pathetic image of despondent grief. He looked up as Mr. Plummer stopped his horse.

"Afternoon, Jonas," said Israel, "might I venture to enquire what's the matter? Is Mis' Dodge any worse to-day?"

Jonas burst out sobbing afresh. "She's dead," he said, brokenly, behind his handkerchief. "She left us at half-past one this afternoon."

Israel Plummer was silent with surprise and sympathy. He wanted to say something by way of comfort but he did not know how. However, he did the first thing which came into his mind, which certainly was the best thing. He climbed down out of his buggy and carefully tied old Fan to the hitching-post, although the good creature had not been known to walk off unbidden for many years. Then he sat down on the wooden horse-block beside Jonas and put his big, red hand on his knee.

"I hain't no words to comfort ye, Jonas," he said; "I reckon nothing I could say would ease you up a mite, but you know I'm powerful sorry for ye." After a moment's silence, he continued, "'The Lord gave, an' the Lord hath taken away,' Jonas, you know that."

"I know that," replied Jonas in his broken voice, "but I can't just yet bring myself to say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' I've tried to lead an upright life for forty years an' serve Him to the best of my ability, an' I think I may say I've been a consistent church member, too; but this here's an awful blow to me, Israel, an awful blow."

"I know it--I know it," replied Israel Plummer, "it's certain sure an awful loss to have the companion of your life took away so sudden. It's hard---it's hard, but try to be resigned. Think of how it's been your stiddy an' constant aim to

make her happy an' comfortable. Think of how you've always tried---as I believe you have, Jonas---to ease her work to her an' make her life a happy one. Think of how---"

But Jonas interrupted him with his mournful voice "Israel," he said, wiping his eyes with the red bandana, "you mean well. You're a good man an' a good neighbor, an' a friend for forty year. But you don't realize what you're sayin'. I was good to Mis' Dodge, in a way. I did do my duty by her in many ways, but what cuts me now like a two-edged sword is that I didn't let on to her how much I thought of her. I didn't somehow think of it, an' kissin' ways an' pettin'---I dropped 'em 'bout the time the honeymoon was past. Hundreds of times in all these years, yes, hundreds---I might have made her go ridin' with me when I had to drive somewhere five, ten or twenty miles, an' I'd oughter done it. She always loved to ride. An' sometimes I'd look back an' ketch sight of that wishful look in her eyes when I'd drive off alone, an' I'd know by them eyes she wanted to go, too. But I had that foolish notion---that wicked notion---that women's place was to home, an' not gaddin' around the country just fer the sake of gaddin'. An' I'd think, too, the neighbors would say it looked foolish for us old married folks to act like a young feller an' his girl, forever a-goin' buggy-ridin'."

It seemed to comfort the stricken man to talk, and Israel Plummer, according to his usual custom, picked up a stick and proceeded to whittle. His bent face was full of sorrow and genuine sympathy for his old neighbor.

Jonas went on presently: "Strange how every little thing comes back to me now! I recollect one morning years ago---it was in May an' the prettiest mornin' I ever see, I do believe---all apple blossoms an' blue sky an' bird-song---I had to drive the colts over to Millville on business, fourteen mile, you know, an' I left her a-standin' at the gate. She always watched me out of sight, an' such a wistful look in her face, I'll never forget! I'd oughter have stopped an' made her fix up a lunch an' come along just to enjoy the pretty mornin', but I didn't. Wicked---cruel---selfish! Yes, sir, that's what I was! Selfish, most of all, though I thought my very eyes of that woman."

"Did you an' her have any conversation before she passed away?" inquired Mr. Plummer, respectfully. "You mebbly told her how you'd felt all them years, an' she died peaceful an' happy!"

"I did---I did!" cried Jonas. "I sent 'em all out o' the room this mornin' after the doctor left an' I knew she couldn't last. I knelt down there by the bed an' kissed her as I hadn't in many a year, an' I told her all about it; how awful dear she was to me an' always had been, an' how I repented because of the things I had left undone. I mentioned everything an' asked her to overlook it all. I shed tears, bitter tears, Israel, an' asked her to forgive me every act of mine in the past that was hoggish an' mean an' hateful. An' she did; she put her poor, thin, hard-workin' hand on my cheek an' said not to feel bad---it was all right---she knowed now that I'd cared for her all the time, though she hadn't always been sure. An' there wa'n't nothin' to forgive, she said, an' to never mind, mebbly the Heavenly Father would fix it so's we two could go ridin' together in the better land if such things was possible. An' it didn't sound no ways disrespectful to the Lord to hear her say that; she said it so solemn-like and trustin'. She died happy, Israel, rejoicing in her Saviour an' turn-

in' her eyes toward me with her last breath. But it's hard---it's hard. I can't seem to reelize it---I can't seem to have it so."

Mr. Israel Plummer, with a sympathetic moisture in his own eyes, slid his knife into his pocket, rose and untied old Fan. Then he climbed into the buggy---the old, rickety, uncomfortable buggy with which he had been content for a dozen years. He leaned toward Jonas and held out his hand. "Well, Brother Dodge," he said, "just call on me for any service I can render; you know I'll do all I can in this your hour of need. An' I'll go right now an' fetch Mis' Plummer down. She's great at comfortin' an' consolatin' in the house of mournin'. Your Lyddy'll need some motherly soul to help her bear up, an' she can stay all night with her as well as not. Good-by, brother, put your trust in the Lord. He'll help you through this time of trial."

The old buggy rattled away up the road, and Jonas, with bowed head and red and swollen eyes, went up the path to the front door, from which floated that which made him shudder---the long, black streamer, which has sent a thrill of agony through a thousand hearts.

* * *

The sorrowful, self-accusing words of Jonas Dodge rang in Israel Plummer's ears all the way home and for days thereafter. The funeral was a large one, and people came from miles around to do honor to the timid little woman who had always stayed at home and done her duty. The old minister's sermon was solemn and impressive, and his words of consolation to the mourners were full of love and touching sympathy. Long years of experience with those that mourn had tuned his soul to utter sweet comfort to the bereaved, and on that solemn Sunday afternoon, with the strange hush broken only by the twitter of birds in the apple tree outside the door, his voice, broken by sobs, fell upon the ears of his listeners with such a tenderness that women sobbed aloud, and men were not ashamed of their own tears. In Israel Plummer's soul a resolve was crystallizing, and the honest tears which rolled down his bronzed cheek only sanctified his purpose.

Several days after the funeral Mr. Israel Plummer might have been seen---and was seen by all his astonished neighbors---driving along the highway in a shining new phaeton whose every curve spoke of ease and comfort. Old Fan, in a handsome, nickel-trimmed harness, held her head proudly aloft as though the spirit of her long-departed youth had come to life within her at sight of these marvellous things. People were surprised, to say the least, for Mr. Plummer, with all his good qualities, had the reputation of being "close-fisted," and it was a shock to the community to see the elegance of his new turnout. "He needed a new buggy bad enough," his neighbors said when they discussed the news, "but who'd ever have thought he'd launch out that way, close as he is!"

But Mr. Plummer knew what he was about. When Mrs. Plummer saw him drive up the lane and halt at the side door she ran out in consternation. "Pa Plummer!" she cried, "what does this mean? Whose buggy is that, an' where did that harness come from, an' that beautiful lap-robe? Pa, tell me, what does it mean? It ain't---it can't be ours?"

Mr. Plummer climbed carefully out of the phaeton and quietly tied old Fan to the hitching post. A broad smile strove to find expression on his face, and finally succeeded. "How do you like it, Isabel?" he said. When had he called her Isabel

before! for years and years--ever since the children began to come, it had been only "ma." A slight flush spread over Isabel's thin cheeks. "Like it!" she said slowly, "What made you get it, pa?" "Wa'n't the other good enough?"

"Not good enough for you, Isabel," he said, coming close to her and awkwardly putting his big hand on her shoulder. At that moment Janie, the eldest daughter, came to the door and paused in astonishment, first at the hearty kiss she caught being bestowed on her mother's cheek and then at the shining phaeton and the new harness.

"Well, I never!" she cried, and she spoke truly. Never in the twenty years of her life had she seen a kiss bestowed upon "ma," by "pa." Never had her eyes beheld so beautiful a turnout in the familiar lane. No wonder she turned an astonished gaze upon her father. Jess and Sue came running out presently to exclaim and wonder and admire, and big, stalwart, sunbrowned John came through the barnyard from the field and stopped short in amazement to see old Fan in her new trappings.

The young folks fell in heartily with "pa's" plan. "To be sure she shall go!" said Janie, energetically. "I guess she's earned it after all these years of hard work and staying at home." And Jess and Sue chimed in, "Pa Plummer, you're a hummer!" And Mr. Plummer only laughed at the unexpected slang.

"You've got to let me use it, too, remember that, sir!" cried Jess, who was never known to stand in awe of her father, "and here's John, thinking this minute how he'd love to take Mertilly Jones riding in that buggy!"

"And you shall, John, my boy!" said Israel Plummer, heartily. "But understand, children," he said with sober meaning, "this rig was bought specially for your mother an' she's a-goin' ridin' with me every time I have to go to town or over to Uncle Silas' or up to county court or down the river to see about my other farm. An' you big, strappin' girls must just take hold an' ease up the housework an' take the responsibility on your own shoulders a good deal. Mebby Lyddy Dodge would have her mother to-day if she hadn't always worked so hard an' stayed to home so close."--Union Signal.

Strange Chums.

Elmer was a young man home from Chicago for his summer vacation. His home was "only a step" from the lake, and he put in a good deal of time fishing, for the sport was good, says Helen Rivers in the National Stockman. They always use small minnows for bait up there in Northern Michigan, for the soil is not rich enough to grow angle worms except in a very few places, and those "places" pay better profits in worms at 25 cents a quart sold to resorters than they would if put to raising crops.

It was cheaper and more convenient for Elmer to step down to the lake and dip up a pail of minnows than to buy bait on that particular morning and he set the pail down near the well while he went to his room to dress for a day's fishing.

Una, Elmer's sister, had two pets of which she was quite fond. Dick, the crow, that a neighbor's son had brought her in the spring from his nest, and which she had carefully reared to mature crowhood, and Tom, the tramp cat, that had come to their door famished and footsore the year before and begged pitifully to be taken in. He was so delighted to be well used that he gave up his vagabond habits from that

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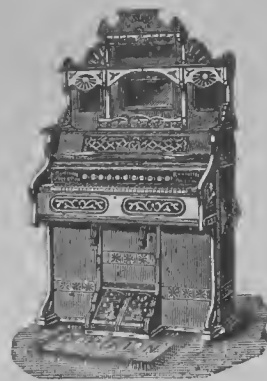
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time, never straying farther from the house than down to the dock to beg for fish whenever he saw a hook and line being pulled in. He was very fond of fresh fish in the fullest sense of the term, for they must be alive and squirming or he would not eat them.

Dick and Tom were friendly and quarrelsome by turns. They liked each other very well, but Dick's natural disposition to tease often led him to so far forget his friendship as to pull Tom's tail while he was eating or tickle his toes while he was asleep. Then, as a cat naturally would do, he paid Dick back in kind and made the feathers fly from Dick's jetty plumage. "Mother, what became of the minnows?" asked Elmer about an hour after going to his room.

"Haven't seen them," called his mother from the kitchen.

"Well, that's strange," said Elmer. "I left them in the pail. Here's the water but no fish."

It took only a minute to get more, but he studied over it a good deal.

A few days later Elmer brought up another pail of minnows. Setting them down again, he remarked to his mother something about those others jumping out of the pail and walking back to the lake. Mrs. Groton took her work and sat down near the window where she could see the pail.

"Caw, caw," called Dick, as he fluttered down from the roof, his favorite perch. Tom lazily opened his eyes, but seeing Dick sitting on the edge of the pail, he sat up with languid interest.

"Caw cree, here are fish," Dick seemed to say, and Tom ran over and peered down in the water.

"Here it comes, now hold your mouth," cried Dick, and Tom sat up on his hind feet, his paws extended ready to receive the minnow which Dick fished up out of the water with his beak.

This, then, was what became of the minnows. Instead of walking back to the lake, as Elmer had jokingly said, they had passed down Tom's throat.

"Caw, caw, here's another," announced Dick, and Tom ate it greedily. Then Dick pecked Tom on the head and Tom gave him a "love tap" on the side of the head with his paw. Dick circled around Tom's head screaming loudly, and Tom sat looking into the water disconsolately. He put his paw into the water, but the minnows dodged away.

"Meow," Tom said coaxingly to Dick. "Meow, come back and help me."

Then Dick hopped along slowly as if he wasn't much interested, and Tom sidled up to him, purring as sweetly as he knew how. Tom rubbed against Dick's glossy wings, causing him to suddenly relent and go back to the pail to catch more minnows. This went on with occasional interruptions in the way of teasing expeditions by Dick, when he pulled Tom's ears or tail or pulled away the minnow after Tom began to eat it, till all the fish were gone, and Mrs. Groton was much amused

at the intelligence of both bird and cat. This is a true story. It happened where I visited last summer.

Don't Crowd.

Don't crowd! This world is large enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide—
The realm of thought is free.
Of all earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter, though you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from the doors?
Of willing hands and honest hearts
Alone should men be proud!
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart

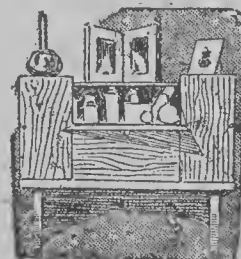
By fostering all that's bad;
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
Be each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud;
Give each his rights, give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

—Alice Carey.

Medicine Cupboard.

Our illustration represents a cheap contrivance which every woman needs in her bedroom, for we all dislike the litter of bottles and jars which we require for our toilet.

Get four old cigar boxes, they can be obtained at any tobacconist's. Remove the paper linings and thoroughly scour, inside and out, with strong soda water.



Then place one upright, and two lying on their sides, on a shelf of wood just large enough to hold them. As cigar boxes vary slightly in size, it is impossible to give exact dimensions.

The shelf should be fixed up by means of iron brackets. The whole of the woodwork should be painted with two coats of paint, and the top will be found extremely useful for holding ornaments.

How to Cut Up a Chicken.

With Several Well-Tested Recipes.

Do not feed the poultry you are going to kill for twenty-four hours before killing. As soon as the chicken is dead, scald well, by dipping in and out of a pail of boiling water; be careful not to scald enough to set the feathers; place the chicken on a board or table with head towards you, and pull the feathers away from you (if pulled in a contrary direction from that in which they naturally lie the skin is likely to be torn), carefully remove all the pin feathers with a pair of tweezers or a knife; singe, but do not smoke, over burning paper, again place on a board or table and with a sharp knife cut off the legs a little below the knee, and remove the oil-bag above the tail; take out the crop, by making a slit in front of the neck. Be very careful to remove everything pertaining to the windpipe or crop. Cut the neck bone off close to the body, leaving the skin a good length if you intend stuffing the fowl; cut around the vent, cut a three-inch slit from the tail upwards, cutting only through the skin, put the finger in at the breast and detach all the intestines, being very careful not to burst the gall-bag, which is situated near the upper part of the breastbone, and attached to the liver; if burst no washing can remove the bitter taint on every part which it touches; put in the hand at the incision near the tail and carefully draw out all the intestines; trim the fat from the breast and also at the lower incision; split the gizzard and take out the inside and inner lining. Wash the gizzard, heart and liver well; lay aside to be cooked for the gravy. Wash the chicken in cold water twice; after draining it is ready to be stuffed. Plump it up before stuffing by flattening the breastbone by placing several thicknesses of cloth over it and pounding it, but do not break the skin. Rub the inside well with salt and pepper. Stuff the breast first, do not have it full enough to burst in cooking; stuff the body fuller than the breast, sew up the openings with a strong thread (be sure to remove the threads carefully before placing on the table). With a skewer fasten the wings under the back. Press the legs well toward the breast and fasten with a skewer run through the body and both thighs; with a twine tie the ends of the legs to a skewer pushed through above the tail. Rub with salt and pepper and lard as follows: Hold the breast over the fire for a minute, cut strips of firm, fat bacon, about two inches long and one eighth of an inch wide; make four parallel lines on the breast, put one of the strips of bacon-fat into the split end of a darning needle; insert it at the first mark and bring it out at the second; leave an equal length of fat at each end. Continue this process at intervals of one-half inch down these two lines and likewise with the two others. The larding makes the dish much more dainty. For roasting, have the oven rather hot at first, then moderate until done. To test when the fowl is cooked insert a fork between the thigh and body; if the juice is watery it is done. Baste the fowl frequently while cooking.

Stuffing for Chicken.—Make a stuffing of one teacupful of stale bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley or some sage, season with salt and pepper and mix with an egg. Fill the chicken with this mixture, lay it in a dripping-pan, pouring in a teacupful of boiling water, add a little salt, and bake.

Giblet Sauce.—Wash the giblets, put them into a stew-pan; cover with boiling water, season and cook slowly until the chicken is done. When cooked, cut the giblets fine, add them, with the liquor in

which they were cooked, to the gravy in the pan; set on the stove, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, stir for a few minutes, and serve at once.

To Prepare Chicken for Stew or Fry.—After the chicken has been picked, singed and drawn, lay on a board, or the table, cut off the feet at the first joint; cut a slit in the neck, remove the crop and windpipe; cut off the wings, then the legs at the joint which unites them to the body. Separate the first from the second joint of the leg, cut off the oil-bag, make a slit under the tail, cut the intestines loose; then with the left hand, hold the breast, and with the right, bend back the rump until the joint in the back separates. Cut it off and place in water. Take out the entrails, using a knife to separate the eggs (if any), and all other particles to be removed from back. Be very careful not to break the gall-bag (a small sack which is attached to the liver). Separate the back from the breast, then commence at the thigh point of the breast and cut downwards toward the neck, taking off a part of the breast with the wish-bone. Cut off the neck, turn the skin off and remove all lumps and stringy substances. Remove the gall-bag from the liver, clean the gizzard and take off the fleshy part; wash thoroughly twice. It is then ready to be cooked.

Fried Spring Chicken.—Dredge each piece of chicken with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Put a frying-pan on the stove with about a tablespoonful each of lard and butter. When hot, lay in the chicken, and when crisp and brown, turn it and cook slowly until done; if necessary, add more lard and butter. It will take about thirty minutes to fry the chicken.

Panned Chicken.—After the chicken has been properly cleaned, split it down the back, lay in a dripping-pan, season with salt and pepper and spread with bits of butter. Pour half a pint of water in the pan and bake in a hot oven. It should be basted every ten minutes. When done take up and place where it will keep hot. Set the pan in which it was cooked on the stove, stir in one tablespoonful of flour and half a cupful of milk. Season with salt and pepper, let boil, stirring well until thoroughly cooked. Serve at once with the chicken.

Chicken Curry.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour and one-half tablespoonful of curry powder. Slowly pour in one cupful of milk and one cupful of tomato juice, stirring the flour mixture all the time. Add two cupfuls of cooked and finely diced chicken, season with one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Serve with bread and butter sandwiches or rice croquettes.

Chicken Timbales.—One cupful of bread crumbs (good measure), one cupful of cooked chicken chopped fine, one teaspoonful each of finely cut onion and celery leaves, and one and one-half cups of milk. Cook these together in a double-boiler for fifteen minutes. Then add the mixture to the beaten white of one egg, to which has been added one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Grease nine moulds or cups, line with dried, sifted bread crumbs, thin with the timbale mixture after it has become cool. Fill with the following:

Heat one cupful of milk. Melt in a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and then the milk, a little at a time. This should be very thick. Add one cupful of cold, cooked and finely diced chicken, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and celery salt. When ready to use, place the cups in a pan of hot water and bake for twenty minutes. Turn out on a hot platter and serve with cream sauce.

Cream Sauce.—Heat one cupful of milk and one cupful of chicken stock. Melt

one half-tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour and then the hot liquid, a little at a time. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and celery salt. Just before serving add this to one beaten egg or the beaten yellows of two eggs.—Jane E. Clemmens.

Home-Made Wash-Stand.

This illustration shows a satisfactory home-made wash-stand made out of two packing-boxes. Put the long one at the bottom, and set up the smaller one on top at one end, leaving as much as you can of the other one on which to stand the water jug or hot water can when necessary. The hollow sides of both boxes should be turned outwards. The lowest one makes a capital receptacle for boots, and the other for holding various things. Two brass rods should be fixed at the top and bottom of the upper box, after it has been well sand-papered and enamelled a dark mahogany, and curtains of either art muslin or cretonne tightly drawn on to them.



The lower box should have a loose frill of the same cretonne all around it. A white fringed toilet cover should be laid over the top of the small box, and the basin, soap dish, etc., placed upon it. But only a small square doyley should ornament the other, just big enough for the jug to stand on. Then fasten a kus-kus splash on the wall, and finish it at the top with a shelf on which to rest a toilet glass, bottles, water carafe, etc., and above that again a smaller shelf might be set for whatever the lower one will not hold. The sponge-basket and brush bag should be fastened at one side of the splash, and then the wash-stand will be complete.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

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Good Recipes.

Butter Milk Rolls.—Into one quart of butter milk stir flour enough to make a very thin batter. Set in a warm place until sour and light. In making bread use salt and soda, but no lard. Mix into a soft dough with well-sifted flour; mold into rolls and put in a well-greased pan. Raise for a few minutes in a moderate oven and bake quickly. The amount of soda used depends upon the sourness of the batter. It is impossible to give any arbitrary rule. The housewife soon learns the exact amount necessary. The dough should be very soft, and the hands, in order to mold nicely, must be dipped in melted butter or lard.

Cheese Sandwiches.—Mix two ounces grated cheese with one-fourth the quantity of butter spread on a thin slice of bread, cover with another slice, press together, cut in four squares and pile on a plate.

Oatmeal Cookies.—Two cups sugar, half cup shortening, three cups flour, two eggs, three cups oatmeal flakes, three heaping teaspoons baking powder. No wetting.

Whole Wheat Gems.—Two eggs, half cup milk, one tablespoonful melted butter, one teaspoonful salt, one and a half cups whole wheat flour and two teaspoons baking powder. Mix the ingredients thoroughly and beat until light and foamy. Fill hot and well buttered gem pans two-thirds full, and bake 30 minutes.

Pork Cutlets.—Beat up two eggs, add to them salt, pepper, a pinch of finely powdered sage, a little grated nutmeg and a teaspoon of flour. Dip small cutlets into this mixture, then into bread crumbs and fry in hot lard to a pale brown, cooking them slowly and thoroughly. When done, place on paper to remove superfluous fat. Put a teaspoon of finely chopped onions in a stewpan, add one tablespoon butter and some seasoning, stir in one tablespoon flour, add one cup tomato sauce and let simmer for 20 minutes. Place the cutlets in a circle overlapping one another, pour the sauce in the centre and serve very hot.

Devonshire Stew.—Ingredients: Fragments of mixed dressed vegetables to fill a half-pint measure. A herring, salt or fresh, a cupful of stock. Time required: A quarter of an hour. Take any boiled vegetables in the larder—especially potatoes—carrots, turnips or potatoes alone. Cut small and season with pepper and salt. Take also one herring which has had the head cut off, been boned and cleaned. Melt a slice of dripping in a stewpan and put the various ingredients into it, and add a cup of broth to moisten the whole. Shake over the fire till the gravy is absorbed, and the stew hot through, and serve hot.—Dictionary of Breakfasts.

Egg Omelet.—To make an omelet and be successful about it, the surest way of proceeding is to beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately until both are light. This done, one tablespoonful of milk for each egg should be added to the yolks, and then the frothed whites. Having stirred lightly together, turn the whole into an omelet pan. Be sure to have this ready on the stove, with just enough hot, browning butter in it to keep the omelet from sticking to the pan. As the omelet sets slip a thin-bladed knife under one edge and lift it sufficiently to let the uncooked egg run under. Do not wait for

it to be entirely cooked. The heat remaining in it when it is about done will make it solid without hardening, and that is all it requires. Other conditions being equal, it will then be a light, puffy mass, brown on the outside and golden-hearted within. Apply no salt until the omelet is cooked; if you do, it will make it tough.

Cheese Omelet.—Soak a half cup of bread crumbs in three-quarters of a cup of milk until reduced to a soft pulp. Beat five eggs very light, whip into them the milk and crumbs, and four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Turn into a hot frying pan in which a tablespoon of butter has been melted, and fry to a delicate brown. This omelet must be carefully watched while cooking as the bread crumbs render it more likely to scorch.

Marble Cake.—Cream one scant cup of butter and add two cupfuls of fine granulated sugar. Put all together. Add four eggs, beaten very light, and one cup of sweet milk. Then three cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Put one-quarter of the mixture into a separate bowl and color a pale pink with fruit coloring, and another quarter a deep brown with melted chocolate. Have a deep cake pan lined with paper and put the mixture in by spoonfuls, first one color, then another. Bake in a moderate oven until done. When nearly cold cover with icing.

Onions.—A la Creme.—Take some small, good-shaped onions, boil them till tender in water and salt, and strain them. Melt a lump of butter in a saucepan, throw the onions in, sprinkle them at once with a mixture of flour, salt and pepper; then pour over them fresh thick cream, stirring evenly till the whole is slightly thickened. Serve very hot at once.

Indian Pudding.—Make cornmeal mush just as you usually do, using say three pints of water. When it has cooked ten minutes add slowly one pint of hot sweet milk, one scant cup of molasses and a teaspoon of butter. Let it cook while you beat two eggs in a large pudding dish. Then pour on the hot mush, very slowly, stirring well, so the eggs will not curdle. When well mixed, bake in a moderate oven two hours. Serve hot with milk and with butter when cold.

Corn Pone.—Three cups corn meal, one cup whole wheat flour, two cups sour milk, one cup sweet milk, two-thirds cup molasses, one teaspoon each of salt and soda. The batter should drop from the spoon, so you may need little more meal or flour. Pour this into a well-greased, deep pudding pan set in another pan of boiling water, put tin lid over the pone and bake three hours. The last half hour take off the lid and take out the pan of water and let the pone brown. The water pan must be kept filled. The pone is best hot. Eat with butter.

Celery Sandwiches.—Cut white celery very fine and stir it into a thick mayonnaise dressing until you have a mixture you can spread. Butter thin white or graham bread for this.

Apple Sandwiches.—Flavor half a cupful of smooth apple sauce with grated lemon peel and a little nutmeg or cinnamon, add to it a couple of tablespoonfuls of whipped cream and spread upon graham or whole wheat bread.

Steamed Pudding.—One-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of hot water, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoon of soda and enough flour to make as stiff as cake dough. Steam three-fourths of an hour.

Sauce for Pudding.—One cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter and one egg beaten together. If desired one cup of raisins may be used in the pudding, but we like it better plain. It is our favorite pudding.

When boiling ham, put in a cup of black molasses, one onion, a few cloves and pepper corns. Let the ham cool in the water in which it was boiled, skin, rub with brown sugar, and brown in a slow oven for an hour, basting every fifteen minutes with some of the stock in which it was cooked.

Add a cup of good cider vinegar to the water in which you boil fish, especially saltwater fish.

Make snowcake with arrowroot flour, the flavor is delicious.

Hints for Young Mothers.

Many young mothers are anxious to learn all they can about the physiology and hygiene of babyhood. Hours of anxiety might be spared them if they could only profit by the experience of those who have raised large families.

Babies' hands and feet frequently become cold in a room where older people are quite comfortable. This is sometimes caused by having the clothing too tight. Keep the temperature of the room as near seventy degrees as possible and have it well ventilated, but do not allow the little one to lie in a draught or an attack of colic may be the result. Take him out in the fresh air frequently if the weather is good, but when the wind is blowing and the air is damp, the best place for the baby is in the nursery. It is never safe to expose him to all kinds of weather in order to get him used to it, for it may cost his life.

Nothing is so important as the baby's diet. Of course the mother's milk is the food nature intended for him, but frequently the supply is not sufficient for his needs and there are many cases where it is impossible for a mother to nurse her baby. Do not get in the habit of offering the bottle every time he cries, regardless of the cause. He may be thirsty and a few spoonfuls of cold water will quiet him. Do not feed the baby with a spoon. It is not nature's way, and the sucking motion of the lips and mouth is needed to mix the food with the fluids of the mouth and keep it from getting into the stomach too fast. Use a plain nursing bottle with a rubber nipple, which should be taken off after each feeding, so that both bottle and rubber may be washed thoroughly. Dip in hot water two or three times every day to destroy any germs that may be left in them. Absolute cleanliness in everything pertaining to his food is necessary to keep the baby healthy.

Do not put anything into his mouth that needs chewing until he has his teeth. In fact, until he is seven months old lactated milk food will be all that is necessary for him. After that he will take a little oatmeal gruel that has been strained through a coarse wire sieve to remove the husks, or some of the excellent preparations of wheat now on the market. If he is constipated, the juice of stewed fruit is beneficial, given in small quantities.

Humorous.

"What do you think of having to pay \$48 a pound for steak, as those fellows did in Alaska?" asked the shoe-clerk boarder.

"They must have found it pretty tough," said the genial Thin Man.

Scheminski—"Vat? Yot take a bath every day? Vat for?"

Brown—"Oh, it makes a fellow feel better."

"Chust because it maigs you feel petter? You must be one of dem ebbicures."

Kiddy—"I hate to bother you, pop; but, really, I'd like to know—"

Pop—"Well, what?"

Kiddy—"Why baby fish don't get drowned before they've been learned to swim?"

Indignant Citizen—"Say! Your boy threw a stone at me, just now, and barely missed me."

Mr. Grogan—"Yez say he missed ye?"

"That's what I understood myself to remark."

"Thin it was not my bye, sor."

Mistress—"Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?"

Bridget—"Oi don't know, mum, unless yez raise me wages."

Fergus—"Do you think there is anything in second sight?"

Waldron—"You bet I do! I'm one of those fools who fell in love and got married at first sight."

"There is one thing about a woman that I cannot overlook," said Mr. Small.

"What is that?"

"A high, hat in a theatre," said Mr. Small.

Philanthropic Caller (at jail)—"My friend, have you any religious convictions?"

Avery Baddun—"Well, I reckon that's what you might call 'em. I was sent here for robbing a church."

Mary—"O Jack! Do you know that Mr. Gibson punctuated his tire yesterday?"

Jack—"You mean punctured, my dear."

"Well, he came to a full stop, anyway."

Dramatic Author (dictating play)—"Mary, my light, my life! I love you; will you be mine?"

Lady Typist (whose name is Mary)—"See here, sir, are you still dictating?"

A certain man sent a dime to an advertiser who promised for that sum to impart trustworthy information as to how to get fat. The answer was: "Buy it at the butcher's."

Fond Parent—"The child is full of music."

Sarcastic Visitor—"Yes. What a pity it is allowed to escape."

A little girl had just returned from Atlantic City.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" they asked.

"Yes, indeed. I had Manilla ice cream nearly every day."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Crushing Irony.

An amusing story is told of a well-known whist player who imagined himself an authority upon the game. After boring his friends with verbal comments, suggestions and advice upon the methods of play, he at last wrote and published a book. One copy was sent to a famous player for his opinion about it. In about a week the book was returned to him with the following letter:

"My dear sir—Your favor of the — inst., accompanied by your book, was duly received. I have read it very carefully. It seems to be a very good game, but I don't think it is as good a game as whist.—Sincerely yours, —."—Tit-Bits.



DING-A-LING-A-LING.

Party in Window: What in thunder do you want this time of night?

Party Below (in agitation): Shay (hic) pull in, young feller, yer got a bite!

Was She Shiftless?

By Emma Clearwaters.

"She has not made a single quilt since she's been married, and that's ten years."

"What does she do for bed coverings?"

"Buys cotton blankets."

"Do they cost much?"

"She pays seventy-five cents and a dollar a pair for them. She thinks they are easier to wash, and cleaner because they will be washed oftener than quilts would."

"What is the cash outlay for a quilt, you doing all the work?"

"Lining, five yards, 20 cents; thread, 5 cents; wadding, 20 cents; material to set it together, 10 cents; well, 55 cents will about cover expenses, but I sell butter and eggs to pay for that."

"Maybe she can get cash for her butter and eggs, or else trade them for her blankets. How long does it take to make a quilt?"

"If I've no other sewing or extra work and the pattern is not too small, I can about put one out in two weeks."

"Perhaps her time is worth something to her."

"Maybe; I don't know. She says it wears quilts out so much to wash them; that where there's children, the blankets will last as long or longer. They bought two pairs two years ago that are about as good as new; been in use, too."

"It would certainly be a good place to get quilt scraps."

"No, it isn't; she just aims to buy enough of dress goods, and what scraps there are left she makes into dresses for the babies, 'beggar dresses' she calls them—named after the beggar quilt. Actually, I've seen the baby with sleeves of one kind of calico, yoke of another, and the skirt of two other kinds, the front of one and the back of another. Yes, I've seen the sleeves of two kinds, cuffs different. I'd never thought of using pieces up that way."

"Didn't the baby look odd?"

"No, it didn't. It's as sweet as it can be, and she makes the dresses nicely from a good pattern. She even uses shirt scraps that way. It really don't make much difference what a baby has on when it creeps and rolls around, if it's whole and clean."

"You've about won me over to her way of doing, instead of convincing me of her shiftlessness. It's such tedious work making quilts."

"Well, I've always pieced up all my scraps as fast as I could, besides getting pieces of the neighbors, and I guess I always will. Mother taught us that way, and it's a saving, too."

"Yes, it's good, if you don't know a better way. As to saving, I think she's got the inside track there, if you'll stop and count all up, not accounting for your work; then, most of all, she keeps her health and saves her nerves."—Farm Magazine.

"The homes of a nation are its strongest defences."

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations.—Goethe.

If we were to think more and work less, we need not work so much, and we have more leisure to think.—Spencer Percival.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—Milton.

The efficiency of tuition will, other things equal, be proportionate to the gratification with which the tasks are performed.—Herbert Spencer.

The best granite ware or other metal coffee-pot will acquire a rank flavor if it is not occasionally purified with borax, ammonia or some other cleansing agent.

If your neighbor has a hobby, let him ride it to death if he pleases. If your wife has a hobby, sympathize with her. A hobby may take her thoughts away from daily toil and isolation.

Bread should never be covered with a cloth when taken from the oven, but laid on the side and allowed to become perfectly cold; then keep in a closely-covered tin box, without any wrappings.

If rice is not disturbed during the process of boiling, the berries will be whole, dry and easily digested. A few drops of lemon juice added to the water will make it whiter and finer flavored.

The Bible does not despise wealth. It gives laws for its proper employment, and denounces its abuse. Remember well that riches are to be used as the instruments of action, not as the sign of greatness, or the source of happiness. "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them."

Character is the greatest force in the world. Some say money is the greatest force, some say brains, some say love, but character is the greatest force because it is the force which determines the direction in which money, brains and love shall be used.—Rev. Jas. Dunlop, Presbyterian, Boston.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Boy, the Bobolink, the Butterflies and Bees

A Fairy Story written for The Nor'-West Farmer
by C. B. Loomis. Copyright 1899.

Once upon a time there was a little boy and his name was John Saltonstall, and he lived in a village called West Woodstock. Now this village is in the mighty state of Connecticut.

John Saltonstall was a poor orphan, but he was of such a happy disposition that his lot was not as hard as that of most orphans, because there was not a family in the village who was not glad to keep John over night and give him two meals just to hear his merry laugh and his melodious whistle. And he was a willing boy, too, and many is the wood pile that has grown up by the sound of his saw and many are the weeds that have perished ingloriously thanks to his stubby fingers.

Now, when he was eight years old, a wicked and mean man, whose name was Milford Farwell, and who "farmed it" about three miles out of Woodstock, took it into his wicked head that he must have a hired boy. And this was less because he needed help than because he wanted to have some one to hector and tease. So he sought out John and asked him if he'd like a nice home and all the comforts of farm life, and happy little John smiled one of his smiles and laughed one of his laughs and said yes.

The next day John left the old carpenter shop, where he had been sleeping for some time past, and walked out to Farwell's place, which is near Pomfret. He found it to be an uninviting looking farm of some sixty acres. There was a big two story house connected with a wood shed

you drowse-a-bed, what am I feedin' and clothin' you fer, I'd like t' know, ef it ain't thet you may work fer me. Git up an' come out doors an' earn yer breakfast."

John rose and dressed, smiling all the while at the rough words of Mr. Farwell. for he supposed that he was jesting.

But Farwell never jested and as soon as the boy was out of doors he heaved a piece of earth at him and said: "I want my ten acre patch of corn hoed before breakfast. Ef, 'tisin't done, no breakfast."

John seized the hoe and ran, laughing, to the lot, but I know of no boys who who could do such a job before breakfast, unless breakfast were postponed several days, and then I'm sure they would not do it.

However, John set bravely to work, and after he had done one row a bobolink perched on his hoe handle and began singing, and although the boy had never understood bird language before he now knew that the bird was saying:

"Keep on laughing while you hoe,
I will do the rest, you know."

So John kept on hoeing and laughing and whistling and the hoe travelled so fast that he could hardly keep up with it. He followed it up with his hands on the handle, and before you could say Jack Robinson he had hoed ten long rows, and when Mr. Farwell came up to trounce him for not doing his task, John had finished the job and was blowing on a blade of grass.

Mr. Farwell was so surprised that he forgot to be angry, and he told the boy to go into the house and eat his breakfast and be quick about it, as he wasn't going to keep him in idleness.

John had chased the hoe so hard that he had a good appetite and he quickly made an end of the pop corn and milk that served for his breakfast.

The meal over, he wandered out into the kitchen to see if there was anyone to talk to, for he was a sociable little fellow. But there was no one. The breakfast had not needed cooking. Mr. Farwell popped enough corn to last a week and so saved the expense of a hired girl and he lived all alone. Indeed, no one would have dared to live with him except John, who was too light hearted to realize what fear was.

Farwell had breakfasted as soon as he had risen and he now came in and found John in the kitchen. "Here, I didn't tell you you could snoop all over my house. If you're through with your breakfast go out and clear my four acre lot of stumps. I've been meaning to do it for years, but I've never had the time nor the strength. Get it done by noon or you have no lunch, but a whipping."

John laughed long and loud. Then he said, "It's easy to work for a man who makes my work so light and who feeds me so well." For John was desperately fond of pop corn and milk and thought it better than meat any day.

He walked gaily out to the lot where the stumps were lying. He whistled like

a thrush as he went, but when he saw the size of the lot and the number of oak stumps he was troubled. However, it was not like him to give up at the outset, so he seized his hoe and bravely tackled the first stump. He hoed the earth from around it and then he picked up a crow bar and tried to pry the stump out of its earthly bed, but the poor child might as well have tried to throw the earth at the sun. The stump wouldn't budge. But he didn't cry or sit down in despair. He simply whistled a new tune and tackled the job again. While he labored, singing and whistling by turns, a beautiful butterfly flew up to him and settled upon the crow bar and in an instant it became as light as a feather in his hands, for, of course, there are few things as light as a butterfly, and if a heavy butterfly would have made the crow bar heavier, it would stand to reason that a light butterfly would make it lighter.

But a light crow bar is not as serviceable as a heavy one, and John saw the lightness was in the wrong place, so he said very gently—he always was kind to animals—"If you please, Miss Butterfly, I think that if you'd flutter down to the stump it would help me more than it does to make the crow bar light." The butterfly nodded her wings and flew upon the stump and in a moment it became so light that John pulled it out of the ground and cast it aside as easily as if it had been a turnip. So the butterfly fluttered from stump to stump, followed by John, who first dug the earth from around them and then yanked them out with ease, and by eleven o'clock he had cleared the whole field and had piled the stumps up in a pyramid, sixty feet high.

Promptly at twelve Mr. Farwell came out to the lot looking like a cross giant. He was very tall and his face was ugly and wrinkled in the places that indicate selfishness and cruelty. He was growling and grumbling and inwardly chuckling, because he knew that he'd have the fun of thrashing John in about two minutes. He did not see the boy at first, but hear-



Heaved a piece of earth at him.

and a carriage house, a barn and ten hen houses, all sadly in need of paint.

That night John had a supper of milk and went to bed without having been scolded, but early the next morning—at daybreak—Mr. Farwell came up to the attic and called him with a rough "Here,



A beautiful butterfly settled upon the crowbar.

ing him whistle he looked up and there sat John on the apex of the pyramid, smiling like a Cheshire cat. Well, even Farwell's ill nature was not proof against that and he burst out into a harsh laugh and said, "You're the best boy to work

I ever saw. Come down now, and we'll have lunch."

Lunch consisted of milk and pop corn. After it was finished, Mr. Farwell said: "I have bought three hundred fowls of Edson Larrabee and I want you should fetch 'em over this afternoon. If you get 'em here by nightfall you can have some supper. If you're later than six I'll wallop you and send you to bed without a mouthful to eat."

John always liked to work among hens and he never borrowed trouble, so he said, "I'll go at once. Shall I hitch up and get 'em or shall I lead 'em?"

"Hitch up? Why, ther's three hundred on 'em and they're of three different breeds. Wagon wouldn't half hold 'em. They must be led back and if you mix 'em up I'll mix you up so hard you won't know your hands from your feet."

Now, Farwell thought he had set John an impossible job. He was aching to trounce the boy and would have done so long before if it hadn't been for his infectious laugh. That seemed to render him incapable of his usual meanness. However, he was sure that the boy would not be able to bring back even ten of the hens and he rubbed his hands together in anticipation of the fun he would have in beating the poor little orphan at six o'clock.

John sat out with a light heart. The greatest writer that ever lived has told us

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

And so it was with John. He made nothing of the ten miles to Ed. Larrabee's and when he came to the house he gave a loud yippoo and Ed. came to the front door. "Hello, Mr. Larrabee," said John, "I have come to lead home the fowls that Mr. Farwell has bought."

"Lead 'em? Why man alive, or rather boy alive, ther's three hundred of 'em an'

are sober and tractable—for hens—and he thought that if he could get them to marching that their example might be followed by the others, even the flighty Leghorns. But hens are hens, I grieve to say, and they were never intended for soldiers, and after John had let out the hundred big Brahmas from the pens where they had been cooped for days, they were so glad to get to grass that they scattered in a dozen directions.

Some boys would have sat down in despair, but John clucked gently to them and whistled a pretty tune and they soon saw

was just a quarter to six when the last Leghorn entered the yards and then John fastened the gates and went into the house. Not a hen had been mixed up.

Farwell had been preparing some switches out in the barn and he had not noticed what had happened. He came into the house, glanced at the clock and then saw John reading a newspaper.

He was speechless with surprise. The idea of the boy daring to sit there when his work was unfinished; for of course he must have failed in his Herculean task. The evening breeze brought an



The hens made a dash for the meat.

they had nothing to fear from him. Still, they didn't propose to be led by him or by any other merry heart.

But if hens have a weakness—and they have a thousand—it is a liking for raw meat, and John bethought him of that fact and then it was as easy as pie as far as the Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks were concerned. He tied scraps of meat at the end of strings, and, mounting Larrabee's son's bicycle, he dangled the meat at the end of a long pole and the hens made a dash for the meat and followed it on the run all the way to Farwell's pens, where they got it, not before. He led the Plymouth Rocks in the same way, although he set them a faster pace than he had thought good for the heavy Brahmas and then he returned to lead the Leghorns. But when he let the Brown Leghorns out they flew all over the four acre lot and he saw that the meat plan wouldn't work with them. And it was getting close to six o'clock, and Farwell wouldn't take a half a job for a whole one, as Mr. Larrabee kindly explained to him.

But the bobolink and the butterfly had been watching him and they whispered to a wandering bee.

And that is why a hundred handsome bumble bees appeared, each with a kernel of yellow corn in his talons. Talons doesn't sound right, but how could a bee hold a kernel of corn without talons? Each bee poised himself in front of a Leghorn and as yellow corn excites a hen as much as yellow gold excites a human, those fowls followed the corn and the corn was borne to Farwell's place as fast as the bees could fly with their heavy loads. It

unwonted sound of crowing. Farwell hadn't kept chickens in years. The heavy, full challenge of a Brahma rooster was followed by the saucy and florid answer of a Leghorn cockerel. Farwell turned on his heels and walked out to the hen house. John followed him with an unsuspecting mind.

Farwell looked in at the different doors of the hen houses and saw the scores of beautiful birds, the matronly Brahmas, the sober Plymouth Rocks and the nervous and jaunty Leghorns. And then and there a miracle occurred, for Milford Farwell, the meanest, cruellest man in Windham county, dropped his switches, turned and shook hands with John and said, "Boy, you're just the feller I've been lookin' fer. I cal'lated to half murder you before I got through with yer, jest fer deviltry, but a boy that can work as you do an' keeep gay over it ain't goin' ter be hurt by me—nor any one else, neither."

And then John began to blubber—foolish boy.

Her Choice.

"Which do you prefer?" asked her indulgent father.

"It's so hard to decide," she answered, "but at the price quoted I think the duke is a better bargain than the count. I guess you may buy the duke."

Lamp-chimneys may be easily cleaned by holding them over the steam from a teakettle, rubbing with a soft cloth, and finally polishing with paper.



John sat on the pyramid.

they ain't sheep. And you don't lead sheep—outside of the good book."

"Well, it won't do any harm to try to do it," said John manfully, and so they went out to the hen houses. There were one hundred Plymouth Rocks and one hundred Light Brahmas and one hundred Brown Leghorns.

John knew something about fowls and so he tackled the Brahmas first. They

Jim Was Upset.

A certain theatrical company had decided to visit Holyoke, Mass., and wanted to make a sensational entry. A well-known New York bill-poster was sent for, and he was "shipped" to Holyoke to critically report on the situation. "Remember," said the manager, "we must make a sensation!"

The bill poster returned with the information that the town spaces were so small that they could not be used for a big spread, with the largest letters and picture. "But," he added, "they have a dam there which is 2,000 feet long, and it has an apron just sixteen sheets high. The flash-boards will just accommodate a full-sheet streamer. It will take about 11 barrels of paste to do the work right!"

This was very satisfactory news, and Jim (as we call the bill poster) was instructed to hire a big force, and go ahead with the work.

Jim smiled in anticipation when he returned to Holyoke with a force of men, and again saw the dam. The water was rather low and as the three level canals were open, the face of the dam was dry, though that didn't make much difference to Jim, as he always boiled his paste with an admixture of hydraulic cement. Finally he got his men to work, and soon had the streamer extending across the dam from Holyoke to South Hadley.

Well, now, Jim's work certainly did attract attention; the windows of the Glasgow mills were crowded; the banks of the river were lined with spectators, Jim kept strolling along the dam, the sheets going up with rapidity; Jim worked hard enough when people were looking at him. It pleased him to realize that his work attracted attention.

Well, when Jim started on the foot sheets, the funniest thing happened. When he started to put on a company streamer, "The Wages of Sin is Death," I am blessed if the shad spawn didn't begin to eat them off just as Jim was working the hardest. Of course this was entirely unexpected. Jim wasn't prepared for it at all; he was paralyzed when he saw that the shad were apparently laughing at him; and incredible as it all was, when the people saw Jim standing there holding his paste brush in the air, they commenced to titter; they couldn't help it; and a moment later when they saw the shad wink their eyes, close their jaws and dart up the fish-way toward Northampton, why they just haw-hawed fit to kill. And Jim was so non-plussed that he dropped his bucket and brush and walked right away with his men to get "something soothing."

It did upset Jim completely, there's no doubt about that; but on the whole he was a far-seeing man; for as a matter of fact the theatrical company became the best advertised one in Massachusetts when it was found that all the shad spawned that year bore on each scale, in letters of red, "The Wages of Sin is Death."—Frank A. Heywood, in Philadelphia Item.

When Renaud first went as senator to Paris, he engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent—150 francs—in advance. The proprietor asked if he would have a receipt. "It is not necessary," replied Renaud. "God has witnessed the payment." "Do you believe in God?" sneered the host. "Most assuredly," replied Renaud. "Don't you?" "Not I, monsieur." "Ah," said the senator, "I will take a receipt, if you please."

The Children of a Fairy.

Once upon a time there was a fairy named Agapa. She was not one of those tiny fairies who are only as tall as one's little finger, but she was just like a beautiful woman. Some fairies, you know, live by rivers and brooks, and some in the flowering meadows and some on the mountains and hills; but Agapa was a wood fairy.

Now one very hot day she was sitting on a big stone in the brook combing out her long golden hair. A linnnet was singing a song to please her, to which the honeysuckle played an accompaniment on its own little silver horns.

Suddenly the music was interrupted by the sound of branches put aside, the linnnet flew away and the horns fell silent. There stood a gallant and gay young knight; no one had ever seen Agapa's golden hair all loose before.

Like a piece of thistledown in the wind, she flew off and away through the trees, and the knight after her.

It is very difficult to catch a fairy who can fly as well as run, or turn invisible when she likes, or throws a handful of gold dust, such as grows in the lily flowers, into your eyes to bewilder you; so I really can't say how it was that this young knight was so clever as to catch Agapa at last; but he did, and held her fast, too.

"You beautiful thing, will you be my wife?" he said.

"I am a fairy," said Agapa, "and fairies do not have wives and husbands; we live a thousand years, and if one of us loves a mortal man, she loses half her life, and dies when she is only five hundred!"

"Alas!" said the young knight, "I must leave you then. I would not for all the world take half your happy years away."

"Stay," said Agapa; "I like to look at you. I do not think I shall be so very happy if you go away."

So he stayed in the wood and she was his fairy wife.

After a while they had four little children, all the same age; three of them were boys and one a little girl.

The little girl grew up just such a clever fairy as her mother; but the boys were like their father—beautiful young knights—and their names were Priamond, Diamond and Triamond.

They did not stay in the wood, but went out in the world with spear and ax and sword to seek their fortunes and fight wicked people.

But Agapa was dreadfully unhappy to think that her sons would only have the short lives of mortal men.

"I shall go on living for five hundred years," she said, "and my husband and my beautiful boys will die before me."

Then a very brave idea came into her head.

"I know what I will do," she said to herself. "I will go to the Three Fates and ask them to lengthen my sons' time to live."

Through the Dreadful Gate she went, and down, and down, and down to the under-world all alone. There she found the three Grisly Sisters sitting and spinning the lives of women and men.

They turned and frowned on her till she almost died of fright.

Stern Clotho held the distaff, while dread Lachesis spun the yarn, and horrid Atropos cut it short with her great scissors.

Then Agapa fell down on her knees and begged and prayed them to let her sons live as long as the fairies' children.

"No," said they, "that could not be."

"At least," she cried, "let me see their lives as you spin them."

That she might do, they said.

"Oh, how short, how very short!" cried Agapa when she saw the twisted threads, and wept and wailed so bitterly that even the three Grisly Sisters were a little sorry; but they could not help cutting short men's lives.

Then Lachesis said:

"We cannot lengthen these threads, you very bold fairy, for what is once decreed can never be altered, so you had better go home and be happy with your children as long as you may."

"At least," said poor Agapa, "grant me this: that when Priamond dies (his thread, I see, is the shortest) his life may pass into Diamond, and that when his turn, too, comes to die both their lives may pass into Triamond."

This they granted her, and she went home much happier. She did not tell her sons what she had done, only warned them to love each other well and not to be foolhardy.

Now there was a most beautiful lady living in that land named Canacee, and these three brothers all fell in love with her at once on a day when they saw her out hawking.

"We will ask our mother how we can win her," they said. They loved one another too well to quarrel about a lady.

"You will have to fight her brother Cambell," said Agapa, "for he has said that the knight who can defeat him shall have his sister. Now, he is one of the strongest knights in the world, and, moreover, he has a magic ring which prevents him from ever losing a drop of blood, however deeply he may be wounded. So I pray you, my sons, forget this Canacee, and I will find you three of the prettiest wives you can imagine."

No, it was of no use—they had set their hearts on Canacee. They kissed their mother and told her not to fret, and then set off to fight with Cambell.

There were hundreds of people there before the castle gates to see the combat, and on a high seat hung with green curtains was fair Canacee herself and the judges to decide who fought the best.

Now it fell to Priamond's lot to be the first to meet the champion. Very fine he looked, with scarlet plumes a-waving and his armour so bright you could see your face in it.

But little chance he had, for, however keen a blow he dealt, Cambell had only to press his magic ring against the place, and the wound stopped bleeding and healed of itself.

How could a plain knight stand against a magic ring? So Priamond was slain, and the moment he died—poof!—Diamond felt a sort of prick in his heart and double strength all over him; for his brother's soul had flown into his body.

He bounded on his horse and rode into the lists, for it was now his turn to fight.

Well, he fought for Canacee right bravely, and wounded Cambell many times, but that was of no use, and, at last, as he aimed a blow with his heavy curtax, his foot slipped and Cambell cut his head right off with one blow.

Although he had lost his own life, he could still have had his brother's to go on with; but what could a poor soul do in a body with no head? The two souls fluttered for a minute or two, first round the body and then round the head, like two birds whose nest has been torn, and then—poof, poof!—they both flew into Triamond.

Cambell had had trouble enough with the two first, but it was nothing to the work he had now; of course he did not know he was fighting a man with three lives.

They fought and they fought till their arms ached and their horses were tired out.

They then fought on foot until they lost their breath and wished they had never begun.

Then they fought on foot until they were so thirsty they were nearly out of their wits, and Canacee's head quite ached with watching them.

Suddenly they heard some very strange sounds, and people in the crowd began pushing and trying to get behind one another, as if they were very much afraid of something. No wonder, for presently up to the lists there drove a beautiful lady in a chariot drawn by three white lions.

Who should she be but the sister of the three brothers?

She alighted from her carriage and came towards the weary champions, pouring into a crystal goblet the most beautiful sparkling wine you can imagine. It was not wine really, but water of Nepenthe, and the wonderful thing about that water is, that anyone who drinks even a little of it forgets all angry feelings, and is filled at once with kind and loving thoughts towards everybody.

She smiled very sweetly and offered the cup to Cambell, and you may be sure he was glad of it, and drank it off at one draught, so thirsty he was. Then she filled it up again and gave it to her brother.

Immediately they began to wonder why they had been so foolish as to fight and hurt one another so; and first they pulled off their iron gloves and shook hands, and then they took off their great iron helmets and kissed one another.

Then Cambell kissed the beautiful lady and patted her lions' heads, while Triamond kissed fair Canacee. It would be a good thing, I think, if we could buy this Water of Nepenthe in the shops to keep us always kind and loving. Don't you think so, too?

Of course there were two weddings next day. You may be sure that when Agapa saw her son Triamond leading fair Canacee by the hand, she was very glad she had not been afraid to go down to the under-world.

And Cambell and Triamond loved one another so well all their lives that a whole book has been written about their friendship.—Cassell's Little Folks.

A Cat's Long Memory.

"Cats are selfish, stupid creatures," said Alice. "They remember their haunts, but forget their friends."

"There are cats and cats," replied June. "But cats do not remember persons," persisted Alice.

"Some cats do, for one cat did. When I was a schoolboy I worked nights and mornings in a mill to pay my way. It was rather a lonely place for a boy. The miller was deaf, the great wheel always buzzing and the waters roaring; but there were mice in the dusty store-room, and I was allowed to bring in a cat. Every morning I brought her bread and milk, and she hunted for her own meat. A savage, cruel enemy, the mice feared her, but to me she was devoted.

"The miller hated cats, and recognizing the fact she kept out of his way; but when I was in the mill she was with me, and every morning had a story to tell me. She would say 'meow,' in many different ways, and I sometimes fancied she understood every word I said to her.

"She was my only confidential friend, for, having no one else to talk to, I chatted to her, while she rode upon my shoulder, although she allowed no one else to touch her.

"She was a grey-blue Maltse, the handsomest cat I ever saw, and when I went away to school she weighed fourteen pounds.

"If she missed me she made no sign. The boy who took my place fed her regularly, but she would not make friends with him, and kept her long stories to herself.

"Although seeming to be always sitting upon a beam near the south gable window, she kept the place clear of mice and gained in weight and beauty.

"It was two years before I came again to the old mill. I had on a new overcoat.

"I will only stay long enough to shake hands with the miller," I said, "and I will be very careful about the dust. Of course old tabby will not know me, for cats do not remember people."

"I ran down the narrow stairs to the grinding room singing to myself a tune of my own, just as I used to do in my boyhood days, when I heard the familiar 'meow, purr, meow,' and from the dust and cobwebs of the cross-beams above sprang Tabby, alighting on my shoulder, covering me with dirt and nearly causing me to lose my balance.

"Purr, meow," she said, 'ow-ow-ow,' fluffing up her fur and rubbing against me until my new brown coat was a mealy grey, and the miller coming up said:

"I swear ter gracious. I see ye come in, but I didn't know ye, fixed up so slick, but the old eat did; wal, it due beat all."

"It did beat all. Since my mother died no one had given me such a loving welcome, and there was a big lump in my throat as I sat down upon the bottom stairs and heard old Tabby's story and told her mine.

"Minc was the sad one, that during the long two years that I had been away I had formed no warm friendship. Now, I said, I see that the fault has been my own, for in order to have friends one must be friendly. That is true with both people and animals. I profited by the lesson, and since that time have never lacked for friends. But the freshness of my brown overcoat was gone forever."—Annie A. Preston.

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The Iron of Remorse.

It is never well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances, until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you—when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age—may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If any one had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there, and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated, too, but being a right minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge; so he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sigh for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land, and still struggling to be masters of it; and when a woman was truly a blessing of the gods, and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadets—which is not to be taken seriously—Mackworth had not let woman enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort, just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win approval of the war department and the gratitude of his company was to avoid wirepulling and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatta took the Chiricahuas on the warpath and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho, and his mess chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then—though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came about:

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mongolons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his babyhood, which had fostered an unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyway, he hid behind a boulder, crouched and cowered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him so. "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew, from that, how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled. "Get out of there!" the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop curs.

Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer felt afraid, only ashamed—sickeningly ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes, and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get

under cover," he suggested; "you are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes, and did not answer. His face was not only white now; it was gray and set, like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, "and it is unhappy out of all proportion." And presently he went to him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted.

"No," said the lieutenant, "I won't." The captain swore now, fierce oaths and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir!"

Mackworth glanced at him and went on smoking. Morley did not fancy his own position, arguing with a green boy, fully exposed to an invisible enemy. He knew that wasting officers is pretty, but it is not war. "I shall order you to the rear under arrest, unless you get back there with the men immediately."

Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior for which he should have been court-martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, being a chase of the intangible, up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across malpais and desert, from the level of the mesquite and the greasewood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chatto's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west; but when the troops got to the spot, after forced marching, there was nothing.

It went on for two months; and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were upon his face. And it was a pitiable young face, despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful baritone in song, be the camp ever so dull. Only his captain knew why, of course—and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew, besides, that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusions, and salvation. This is the way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his.

There came one day a runner from the hostiles—a dishfaced straight-locked creature of sinews—who spoke through the White Mountain interpreter of the troops and said that his chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man—one, alone and unguarded—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come he would retreat with his braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as could he. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," he said.

"Get out," said the captain incredulously.

"I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your permission to be the greatest and the only favor you can do me. Something may be effected by it." "Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Shall you let me go?" he insisted.

"Not by a long sight."

"I wish to go," Captain Morley.

Morley considered, and he declared that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the setfaced boy might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again. They watched him go off into the distance of the plain, toward the mountains, following the hostile, who swung on at the long, untiring dog trot.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow canyon. The runner had given no sign or sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted hide around a cowskin spread under the cedar tree. Four of them rose and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides.

The chief waited for Mackworth to begin; but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sullenly silent redskin at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding, and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eyes, would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this I will go back to the soldiers, and we will follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a growl rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bridle above the curb shanks. Not so much as an eyelash of the stern, white young face quivered, and the heart of the red man was filled with admiration. One movement of fear would have cost Mackworth his life then; but he was not afraid, not though he knew that torture might await him. He sat looking coolly down at the lowering, cruel faces. The chief turned and spoke to the bucks, and there was a growl of protest; the squaws joined with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the bridle with a force that made the horse back.

"He do same you say. He go back to reservation to-day. He say you ukishee quick," said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and ukisheed with no show of haste and without a backward look.

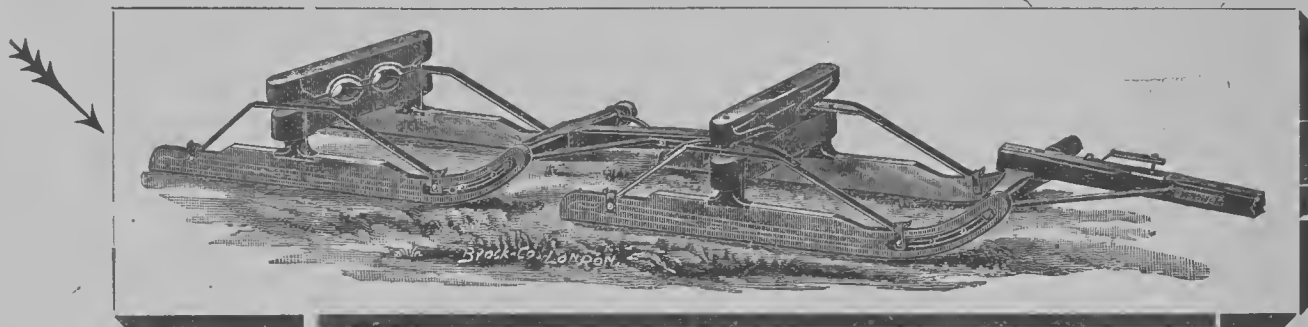
He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine and slid it under the tent flags into the outer darkness. Also he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster and, going out, picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent, Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cocked it

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and waited a moment; then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once—and then again and again.

* * *

At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and turning he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the corners of his mouth under the beard. It was the most natural and healthy look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.

"Well," answered Mackworth. "I should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's, please."

Morley's face broke into a broad grin. "Will you be good if I let you have them?" he asked.

"I'll be good," promised the lieutenant. —Gwendolen Overton in *The Argonaut*.

Paw Builds a Shelf.

"What I nead," paw sed yistady when He got Home, "is more Exercise. Ever sints you got the Fool noshen to Be jellus and I dassent Go out on my Wheal at nites my liver don't put in Full time enny more, and I Feel like the other feller the next mornen after lection. I whist I could git some of the peepeel around here to join a Ball team er sumthing."

"I'll tell you what," maw says. "If you nead exercise so mutch, Sposen you put up that shelf I've wanted Back of the sink fer about a year and a Haff."

So paw told me and maw and little Albert to Hunt up the Saw and Hatchet and Some nales and He would do it. Then He Set down on the Back steps and whisseld the Gorgy Camp meetin till we found Them.

"It's a Good Thing I was Brot up on a Farm," paw Says, Givin the pupp a kick what neerly rooined its appetite. "Thare's whare peeple lurn to Do ennything. Look at the Grait men of our Land. Thay was neerly all Brot up on Farms. That's whare they lurn How to Handle tools and Think fer Themselves and plan. It makes me sad sumtimes to Think our Boys ain't got the chancet I Had. Whare are they a man bred and Brot up in the sitty what could go to work and Do a Job like this? Thay would Haft to go and Spend a Doler er so to Git Some Carpenter to put it up Becos thay never Had the chancet to lurn How to Handel Tools."

So He Got the Bord sawed in two, and when He Held it up whare the shelf was to go it was too short, and maw says:

"It's almost a pity you Dident lurn to maizure things Before Cutten Them when you was on the Farm."

"Say," paw says, "if you wouldn't Talk so much mebbly a person would Have time fer serious thots wunst and awhile. Git me that other Bord up out of the Sel-ler."

It was a purty Good Fit the next Time, and paw got a Box and Set it up on one end and put it on the kitchen chare, so He could reach whare the shelf was to Be, and Then he told maw to Steddy the Thing while He stood on top and nailed.

He got one nale Drove in purty Good and Dident nock Down more than Half a bucket full of plasterin. But when He was pounden in the next one maw went to ketch little Albert and pull him away so the Bord wouldn't Hit him if it fell, and she joggled the Box paw was standen on, and He missed the nale and Hit his thum and it Sounded like when maw or the Hired gurl Hits the Beefsteak with the butt end of the rollen pin to make it Tender.

I felt almost as Sad fer paw as I do fer the gurl that Teaches our Sundy skool when She tries to sing a so low and Her Silvery Tones braiks in two in the middle. So he dropt the Hatchet and the Bord came down, nockin the tin ware around so it made a racket like when they throw the book agent out of the up stairs Windo on the Stage, and paw grabbed His thum and started to jump. But the Box and the chare went over the other way, and He lit with one foot in the Dishpan and the other in the Sink.

After maw got the thum Soked with witch Hazel and Tide up and paw was restin comfortable little Albert says:

"Say, paw."

"Well, what is it?" paw ast.

"Some day when you ain't Bizzy and thay ain't enny other excitement goin on will you please do that agin?"

Poor little Albert. He's sich a sweet innosunt Child it neerly Braiks my Hart to see him suffer.—Georgie in *Chicago Times-Herald*.

To remove fly specks from gilt frames, etc., take a little alcohol in a saucer, and add to this a few drops of salammuniac, shake the mixture or stir it well, and apply it with a small camel's hair brush; after about five minutes rinse with a larger brush dipped in soft water, and let the frames dry without wiping them, in an airy place or at a small distance from the fire; this will not stain the gilding. This is also the best remedy for bronze statuettes, chandeliers and lamps, but in this case the application should be rinsed off with luke-warm water, and the bronze polished softly with a leather or an old silk rag. It is hardly necessary to add that plate-glass and mirrors may easily be cleaned by a mixture of whiting and alcohol.

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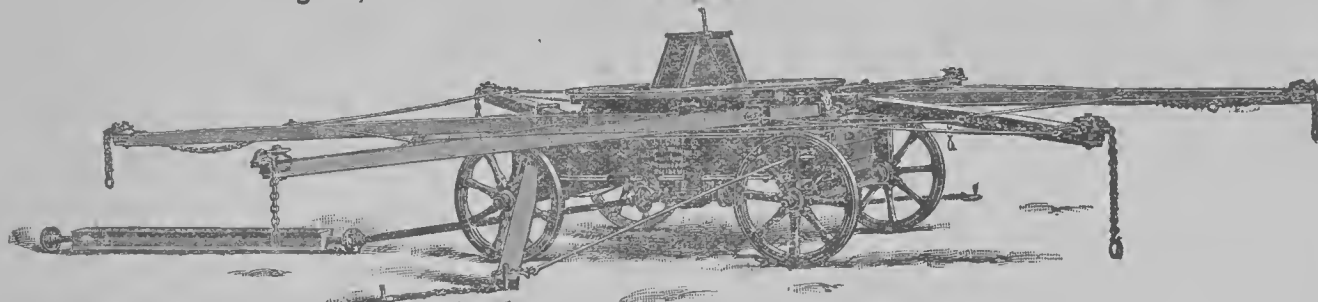
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Musical Taste in Animals.

Some years ago my father lived in an old hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener, Willy, he would lead him a chase generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden when Willy appeared, streaming with perspiration. "What is the matter, Will?" "Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've given him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me—he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is, laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow."

I was very sorry for the old man, but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe that he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

"Well, Willy, what will I do? He won't let me catch him, you know."

"Ay, but, Miss, if you will only just go in and begin a toon on the peanner; cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken, for he is always a-doing that, and maybe I can slip behind and catch him."

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played 'Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.' The halter was soon round his neck and he went away to be harnessed, quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played 'Scots wha ha'e' he would listen, well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, as for instance, in the 'Land o' the Leal,' he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say, "That's not my sort of music." Chang-

ing to something martial he would return and listen.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: "She is the most contrariest beast under the sun." If she were in one of her ill-humors, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She would never go with the other cows at milking time. Nancy be milked with them!—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful, up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk pail. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing room. If I were playing she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—"The Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair," any sweet, tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing room one evening singing to mamma. It was a double room with double doors. She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room, which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There, sitting on the stand, was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came and sat upon the stone outside, listening.—Chambers' Journal.

The proper way of putting a bias band upon a skirt is as follows: First baste it to one of bias crinoline of the lightest weight obtainable, which should be slightly narrower, then turn under each edge and baste it down. When this is done draw a catch stitch from one edge to the other in long stitches so as to hold them in place after the bastings have been removed. Remove the basting threads, baste the band on to the skirt and carefully blind stitch each edge.

It is poor judgment to buy bric-a-brac for the parlor and borrow kitchen utensils of your neighbors.

Where iron utensils are used in kitchens but are not in daily requisition, they are apt to become rusty. To avoid this, mix together some pounded starch, bicarbonate of soda and water, so as to produce a thickish paste. Spread this over the utensils, and, when wanted, rinse them with lukewarm water.

Time and labor can be saved where there are marble steps, halls, passages, etc., to keep clean by washing them with a damp mop that has been dipped in boiling hot soda water. Plenty of soda should be put in the water, and allowed to dissolve. The effect is truly wonderful.

Soda will clean marble in this way: Mix together equal quantities of common soda, pumice stone, and chalk, all finely pounded and sifted, to which add sufficient water to make a nice, smooth paste. This is to be spread evenly over the marble and left on for a time, afterwards washing it off with a warm soapy lather, finally polishing the marble with a soft rag dipped in sweet oil.

If the children are troubled with bleeding of the nose when they become overheated or excited in their play, place a roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth under the upper lip and press hard on the same. This will arrest the bleeding, as it will check the passage of the blood through the arteries leading to the head. It is a very simple, but effective cure.

An old-fashioned, but a good way of testing the heat of an oven for baking cake, is to put a piece of white paper on the oven grate, close the oven door, and let it remain five minutes. The paper will be a light brown in color if the oven is moderately hot, but if the paper is yellow the oven is cool. Most cakes require a moderately hot oven, and some, such as sponge cake without butter, require a cool oven at first.

A farmer told the writer to-day that he had sent his name to an American advertising register in order that his wife, who is fond of reading, might get lots of circulars, advertisements and samples of cheap American novel sheets. This saved him subscribing to any papers or magazines. We hear about "man's inhumanity to man," but this is a case of man's inhumanity to woman, which merits the most unqualified contempt.